

# THE GRAPHIC

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SEVENTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER - - EDITOR

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## ANALYZING THE HISSING EPISODE

TO HISS President Taft, invited to address the delegates to the convention of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, at Washington, was a display of wretched manners, which every woman in the land, interested in the cause of equal suffrage, will resent. To agree or disagree with Mr. Taft's expressions is quite beside the point. It was a childish exhibition of temper on the part of a few, probably a very few, undisciplined females. It requires a broad mind not to be disdainful and ashamed of one's fellow citizens often in this "land of the free and the home of the brave."

But women, as women, need not take this episode too much to heart. When a drunken male citizen interrupts a public meeting, as happens often enough, the men present laugh at him and put him out, quite cheerfully and relentlessly. Do they feel that they, individually, have offended, and go shamefaced before their fellows? Not at all. They realize that the disturber was treated according to his deserts, and no harm was done. If women are to be citizens, they must look upon other citizens with the same tolerance, and speakers addressing them must take their chances, apparently.

However, Mr. Taft's remark that the "danger is, if suffrage is granted, it will be exercised by that part of the class which is less desirable," considering that it was made to the national representatives of the cause, is suggestive of the tact and grace of an elephant in a chinashop. Of male voters, not more than two-thirds of those who register go to the polls election day, yet there is no cry of threatened calamity to the body politic in consequence. Why is it going to be so dangerous if the same proportion of women fails to exercise the franchise if it is granted?

Mr. Taft fears this, as do other men who are opposed to equal suffrage. The arguments against it are not robust. Here is the opportunity for a far-seeing statesman to arise and say, quite honestly, "Universal suffrage is a bad political blunder; it has given the United States the worst case of political indigestion in the history of nations, and until this is cured it were folly to add to the disorder. Wait until we disfranchise all

the ignorant, conscienceless, unprepared men voters, get our principles down to a working hypothesis, destroy the manipulated vote, the party bogie, the politician-for-revenue. This accomplished, women of the land, all of you qualified, shall stand equal with men qualified, before the law." There would be a reason in that attitude which even a woman could see, but where is the man big enough to advocate anything so sane? He would be an insurgent with a vengeance!

Agreeing with the equal suffrage movement may be impossible for many conscientious men, but to recognize the strength of it seems a mere matter of intelligence. One is reminded of the man who asked his friend if he were superstitious. "No-o," was the hesitating rejoinder, "but I would consider it unlucky to be run over by a trolley car!"

## THREE MUTTERING M'S

FIRST Senator Aldrich and next Senator Hale startle the political world by announcing their retirement from politics after the expiration of their present term, March 3, 1911. The Rhode Island man's decision is emphatic; that of the senator from Maine is disclosed in a letter to the chairman of the Republican state committee, in which the veteran of five continuous terms conveys the information that he must decline to act as presiding officer in the next state convention, and that he will not engage in any contest for reelection, the prospect of retirement not being of a disagreeable nature.

Whether these two astute leaders of the Republican majority in the upper house have a strong suspicion that a party revolt is imminent, due to the lack of confidence in Republican promises and disgust over the non-fulfillment of pledges, or that advancing age and ill-health—Aldrich is sixty-nine and Hale is seventy-four—discourage entering into what promises to be a bitter struggle for re-election, is guesswork. Perhaps the Foss incident in Massachusetts, and the result in the De Armond district in Missouri may have had their effect in helping to form a decision, with the more recent defeat of George Washington Aldridge in the Monroe county (N. Y.) district last Tuesday to cause Senator Hale's refusal to enter the running to become as decided as that of his colleague from Rhode Island, for these three political straws indubitably point to the direction of the political wind.

It is admitted that Aldridge was a candidate who deserved defeat. He had ruled the thirty-second congressional district as party boss with a high hand, and was singled in the recent fire insurance investigation, but his political organization was accounted the strongest in the state, and the district was normally Republican by a majority of from six to eight thousand. Yet, in a campaign lasting only seventeen days, and with an imperfect machine, the Democratic candidate, James S. Havens, routed his opponent, completely reversing the big Republican majority and defeating Aldridge by 5,900 votes. The issue, as in Foss' district, was clear cut: Tariff reform in the interests of the consumer. The Republican candidate was a standpat reactionary, who contented himself with proudly exclaiming that he was of the party that Lincoln favored, etc., etc., and that the tariff policy which Abraham Lincoln supported (sixty or more years ago) was good enough for him. But the car of progress ran over him so completely that, doubtless, by the time he has inventoried his bruises, he will be heard exclaiming with Buchanan, who opposed Foss, that he hopes the object lesson he presents will open the eyes of the leaders of his party at Washington.

Evidently, Senators Aldrich and Hale have not failed to take note of the revolt of the masses. That an avalanche is poised ready to descend on

the adherents of Cannon and the apologists for Cannonism is patent. We have seen it trembling in the distance ever since Mr. Taft so bitterly disappointed his rank-and-file supporters, and for a year or more have predicted what Massachusetts and Missouri and Monroe county—three muttering M's—have shown is in suspension. It is not that we love the Republican organization less, but because we hope to see it purged of the faults, the errors that have obsessed the party, especially with regard to the unprincipled high protection theory, which keeps giving to the few what it robs from the many, that we advocate a revolt. Speed the day.

## LEGISLATIVE TICKET HANDICAPPED

BY THIS time, surely, the Lincoln-Roosevelt leaders must have reached the conclusion that they acted over-hastily in placing the late president of the city council, Judge John D. Works, in the field as the League candidate for the United States senate, to succeed Senator Flint. Temperamentally and otherwise, Judge Works is not good senatorial timber, and this in no sense is to be construed as a reflection upon his many merits in other directions. But in a campaign before the people, where personal magnetism must necessarily prove a potent factor in winning adherents, Judge Works is a lamentable failure, as already is attested.

From various communities visited by the League candidate come reports of the coldness of the receptions his appearance has elicited. Before audiences manifestly friendly to the cause of tariff revision in behalf of the consumers, and independence of boss rule, his utterances aroused no enthusiasm, although other speakers from the same platform were accorded hearty greetings. What other deduction is to be made, in view of this flat failure of his candidacy to date, than that the League is doomed to certain defeat if it persists in endeavoring to foist this unpopular candidate upon a constituency that is aroused to a sense of its responsibilities as never before in the history of the state. To maintain Judge Works in the contest is to handicap the League ticket in its entirety; he is a political wet blanket that will act as a deterrent in the election of choice legislative material and for the sake of good government at Sacramento he should be urged to retire.

If Judge Works is the conscientious citizen we believe him to be, he will not hesitate to sacrifice his political ambitions when he is told, frankly and earnestly, that he is jeopardizing the legislative ticket. In no more signal manner can he prove his good citizenship at this time than by voluntarily retiring from a race in which he is hopelessly handicapped. His continued candidacy cannot fail to diminish the chances of election of every aspirant for the legislature endorsed by the League, since upon their success hang the hopes of the League candidate for the United States senate.

Who, then, shall be named to take up the gage of battle with a fair prospect of achieving victory? Unhesitatingly, we revert to Mr. Willis H. Booth, the brilliant, clear-headed, alert president of the allied chambers of commerce of the Pacific coast, whose recent administration as the executive head of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce demonstrated most convincingly the sterling material regnant in this strong character. Having magnetic qualities to a marked degree, an admirable public speaker, of commanding presence, possessing the fire of the early forties and a propensity for accomplishing tasks that nothing can daunt; with no entangling alliances, and imbued with high standards, Mr. Booth is ideally equipped to represent his state in the upper house at Washington.

Such a personality, mingling with the citizens



north of the Tehachapi, where his attributes are not so widely known, cannot fail to produce a most favorable impression and gain for the legislative cause that support which is so essential to success. We urge upon the League leaders the wisdom of this change of candidates at an early date. There is no prestige to be lost to the League by such a transference of indorsement, since everybody knows that Mr. Booth was the first choice of the executive committee. It was his loyalty to Senator Flint, whose friends did not despair of getting him to rescind his determination, that kept Mr. Booth from entering the contest when invited. Now that Senator Flint has reiterated his decision, and all know it is final, that obstacle is forever removed.

#### CANDIDATE CURRY'S OPTIMISM

CHARLES F. CURRY, candidate for the Republican nomination for governor at the coming state primaries, has been unbosoming himself to the San Diego Union, which is supporting him in his campaign, and in the course of what is evidently a carefully prepared talk, the secretary of state said he shall expect his opponents in the primary contest to give him the same consideration that he will extend in case he is defeated. "Whatever the verdict may happen to be," declared Mr. Curry, "I shall abide by the party's decision and honestly and heartily support the straight Republican ticket at the November election, no matter whether my name happens to lead the list or not."

This is to be expected of one who declares he is the only Simon-pure candidate of the people in the field for the Republican nomination. But isn't Mr. Curry rather amusing when he goes further and, with his hand on his heart and his eyes upturned to the azure vault, informs us that he needs no conference or convention, such as the governor has suggested should be held, inasmuch as the people have held both in his favor as evidenced by his central organization, in which are enrolled upward of ninety thousand of the voters of California. This mighty army, Mr. Curry modestly advises us, is pledged to his support, and, in addition, are the names of forty-two or forty-three odd thousand which appear on his petitions.

In view of this, one recognizes the futility of the efforts of his rivals in the race. So far as Mr. Curry is concerned, it is all over but the shouting, and the August primaries will be merely in the nature of Curry ratification meetings. The optimistic official carelessly neglected to state what the signatures have cost him to collect. We understand the price varied. In Santa Barbara, for example, the rate was ten cents a head, while in San Diego, due probably to the beneficent labors of the Union in his behalf, the per capita charge was reduced just one-half. Striking an average of seven cents, his forty-three thousand names represent in the neighborhood of three thousand dollars, which, of course, was distributed among his patriotic promoters in each district. Viewed from this sordid basis, there is a prospect that not all the signatories thus gained will "come through," to employ the picturesque language of the practical politician, for, it must be admitted, the price is low to prove binding.

With a cheerful disregard of grammatical rules, Mr. Curry confides, "I do not desire to keep anyone from conferring, should they desire a conference," but in view of his ninety thousand backers, plus forty-three thousand of petitioners, it is readily understood why he is unconcerned in regard to such a proposed gathering, naively admitting that he can hardly see how such a conference can interfere with him. Asked what he intended to do for San Diego, should he succeed in his ambition, he triumphantly pointed to his twelve years of service at Sacramento and replied:

I do not believe that there is a single instance where needed appropriations have been asked for, where bills for the furthering of San Diego's interest have been introduced, that I have not put my shoulder to the wheel in support of these legislative enactments. To be sure, some of them have missed the approval of the executive, but the records will show my unquestioned efforts in their behalf.

Doubtless, what he has done for San Diego he was equally ready to do for other cities and communities in which he will prosecute his campaign, and if the electorate of such should fail to

indorse him at the polls, it will only go to prove what a set of ingrates the people are in the mass. Mr. Curry is on his way to Los Angeles. We welcome him to our midst with glad acclaim, but we warn him that our market price for signatures is not to be gauged by San Diego's bargain counter.

#### UNFETTERING OF A POET

IT WAS Sir Richard Lovelace who, more than two centuries and a half ago, wrote a poem "To Althea; From Prison" in the last stanza of which it is contended that—

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage.

Perhaps it was with this thought in mind that the Chicago Post, commenting on the efforts of Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, of the Century Magazine, to free "John Carter," the young English poet, from the Minnesota penitentiary, jocularly demanded to know why all poets should not be in prison? If the songs are in them, stone walls and iron bars will help to give them utterance, is the facetious argument. This week, Mr. Johnson and those associated with him in his efforts to liberate "Carter"—his family name has not been divulged—achieved success and the poet walked out of jail a free man, after serving four years and ten months of his commuted ten-year sentence. This was last Monday, the singer's twenty-fourth birthday anniversary.

John Carter, to employ the pseudonym adopted by the poet, has composed a number of metrical effusions of undoubted merit, judging from the several examples we have seen. He says he wrote them to "kill time" and ease his unhappy thoughts. The Century Magazine printed one of them, and, in the correspondence with the poet that ensued, Editor Johnson became interested in the literary convict and voluntarily wrote a letter to the Minnesota state board of pardons, which, with others, was instrumental in gaining a release for the gifted prisoner. Sweet are the consolations of letters, observes a New York cynic, adding, "Here are magazine editors doing their best to get a convicted poet out of prison. And it was not his first offense."

Carter's crime was the stealing of twenty-four dollars from the station agent at Karlstad, Minn. He was hungry, he could get no work, he was stranded in an alien territory. Arrested and brought to trial, the lawyer assigned to defend the prisoner made this plea: "Your honor, the accused, John Carter, was educated at Weymouth College; he is but nineteen years old, and I therefore plead for a reformatory sentence." But the trial judge saw only the violation of a criminal statute and imposed the maximum sentence, ten years' imprisonment—a travesty of justice. With nearly half of his full term served, comes a welcome release, and the one who entered a thief emerges a poet, the transmutation effected by the contact of stone walls and iron bars, just as Carter admits.

How will freedom affect this lyricist? There is a variety of the feathered tribe that sings best in captivity. Is Carter of that order, or will liberty conduce to higher flights? We have our doubts. His topics strongly reflect his prison environment. They are the product of a mind powerfully impressed by the misery of its surroundings. So long as the incentive to give expression to his feelings remains, the poet must sing; but with a total change in the conditions, a removal of the gyves and fetters, it is not unlikely that the songs in him will be stilled. If, however, a good citizen remains, one poet the less, the philistines will argue, matters little. That Carter has fine ideals is evidenced by his prose writings. Here is his creed of life, as contributed to the pages of the Prison Mirror:

To live every minute of every day, without haste, without rest; to learn what may be learnt, and to be cheerfully ignorant of what does not matter to me; to love all women, and one in particular, and all men that I care to; not to hate any man, but to be ready to fight if I have to; to make the most of the good things—music, art, books, nature; and to make the least of the bad things. To be reasonably honest and truthful in moderation; to sell my shirt for a pal; but not to get into that situation more than necessary. To be temperate, but to eat and drink whenever I choose, independently of all meat boycotts, prohibition laws and health culture schemes. To pursue an ideal, without talking about it. To keep an open mind and a cool head, a civil

tongue and clean collar. To worry all I want to, and no more; to avoid boring and being bored, knocking and being knocked. Not to preach and not to revile; that is, to be neither crook nor hypocrite, if it be granted me to be neither; to condemn no man nor principle unheard; to keep my faith between myself and the Almighty, or my unbelief, to myself alone.

Like Villon, the French poet of the fifteenth century, who was imprisoned for theft, Carter seems to have poured out his soul in pity for the unfortunates less gifted than he. His "Ballad of Misery," for example, with its pathetic refrain—

Have pity on these my comrades, Lord!

instantly recalls that famous "Ballad of Villon in Prison," and of its companion piece, the epitaph in ballad that Villon made for himself and his companions when their death sentence was momentarily expected. His refrain iterates—

The rather pray, God grant us of his grace.

Let us hope John Carter will not cease to chant, and that his five years in prison have so nursed his soul that the habit of introspection there engendered shall be rich in results. There are not over-many true poets in the land. One who can pipe such lays as John Carter has given the world must needs have good stuff in him.

#### EMBARRASSING A BIG INDUSTRY

MUCH stress has been laid by a local evening daily on the fact that it will accept no advertising from corporations or promoting companies not on a dividend-paying basis. Without questioning the motives that impel such a course, which we are more inclined to commend than to criticize, there is yet much to be said in opposition to so drastic a procedure, which may have the effect of discouraging many a worthy promotion that is looking for public support, and which, in fact, it must have to insure the carrying out of its plans.

Just now, the ipse dixit of this advertising censor is directed at the mass of oil promoting companies which the recent boom in the petroleum industry has warmed into life. Doubtless, many of these concerns which make a specious showing are merely baits for the unwary, but not all are to be so classed. It would seem fairer to exercise discretionary judgment in excluding advertising copy rather than to bar all, without regard to conditions or circumstances. The oil fuel industry is one of the staples of California, and in attracting money from abroad to aid in the development of wells the promoting companies are enlisted in a worthy cause. Few corporations pay dividends from the start, but many that have good holdings and fine prospects are justified in offering stock to the public, the proceeds to be used in development work. This is a legitimate speculation, and, being a speculation, the price of the shares are correspondingly low. If the money so raised is honestly expended, the industry primarily is the gainer, the shareholders ranking next in making individual profit.

Because of the seventy-odd oil companies that had corporate existence here ten years ago only six have survived to this day argues nothing in support of the contention of the Express. Many of the number doing business a decade ago sold stock and let contracts for drilling wells on the supposition that one dollar a barrel for oil was an immutable price, and as there was good profit in production at this figure hundreds of wells were soon in operation. Absence of organization, an undeveloped market and a wild scramble among the oil men to realize on their product sent prices downward until the contract rate of a barrel of oil fell to about one-eighth the original supposedly fixed standard. As there was no profit in selling oil at fifteen cents a barrel, and even lower, the majority of concerns gradually went out of business, and the wells remained idle.

Since that time great changes for the better have intervened, a vigorous market has been established, ready to absorb all offerings, and this is due in a measure to the low prices for fuel which tempted the consumers to discard coal for oil, and, once converted to the plan, nothing will induce them to go back to coal. Oil, at \$2 a barrel even, is cheaper than coal at \$6 a ton, for the reason that it costs less to handle, is cleaner and there is no waste. Ten years ago there were no pipe lines to convey the product to tidewater,



and the Kern river field was about the only one that could be operated at a profit. Now, tidewater is reached in a dozen different localities, and even interior points are being prospected with a view to running the fuel through iron tubes.

We firmly believe the oil industry of California is yet in its infancy, with the bountiful oil sands barely pricked. We look to see it become the biggest income producer in the state, and anything that tends to develop the output and expand the market is in the nature of a boon to everybody living in California, from San Diego to Siskiyou. For this reason we deprecate the action of the Express, believing that, in a sense, it is placing a handicap on a big industry that is entitled to every help possible to develop it. Better by far institute a system of inspection that shall look into the prospective merits of promotion companies, admitting those to its columns that are selling stock in good faith rather than to give a black eye to all honest-intentioned concerns by branding them in advance as swindlers, which the refusal of advertising copy implies. The golden mean to pursue is better than the drastic measure in this instance we think.

### GRAPHITES

With the death last Thursday of Samuel L. Clemens, "Mark Twain," the world has lost its greatest humorist, for his was a humor having the stamp of universality, and his books have been widely translated into foreign languages. It was in California that he first attracted general attention by his "Jumping Frog of Calaveras." Following this graphic bit of originality came "The Innocents Abroad," which gave him a world-wide reputation. Then in "Roughing It" were recorded those amusing episodes of frontier life which by their reckless exaggeration, their wholesome satire, their pricking of shams and follies met with so hearty approval. "A Tramp Abroad," "Old Times on the Mississippi," the inimitable "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn," "The Prince and the Pauper" and a "Yankee at King Arthur's Court" attested his remarkable versatility and the cleanness of his sparkling fund of humor at all times. "Pudd'nhead Wilson" is the best story he gave us of the more recent productions, and his most serious and imaginative work is the feigned "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," purporting to be translated from a contemporary memoir left by the Maid's private secretary. His worst and poorest book is a "Double Barrelled Detective Story," which was trash. His latest story is of especial interest now, since it reveals in a way the author's conception of heaven, after death. It is called "Captain Stronghold's Visit to Heaven" and is impregnated with much striking philosophy. As a lecturer, a teller of stories and delineator of character, Mark Twain was unrivalled. His pseudonym came from the river call when he was a cub pilot on the Mississippi, and was caught from the cry of the leadsmen, "M-a-r-k twain!" Of all the American humorists, and it is a galaxy that includes such giants as Artemus Ward, Petroleum V. Nasby (Locke), Bill Nye and Bob Burdette—the sole survivor of this group—the name of "Mark Twain" easily is in the van, and in considering American literature, his work, not alone for its scintillant humor, but as well for its forceful style and underlying serious purpose, will take high rank.

### BROWSINGS IN AN OLD BOOK SHOP

I SUPPOSE that not many well-informed readers have had opportunity to get acquainted with Bailey's dictionary. It was the precursor of Dr. Johnson's admirable compilation by upward of forty years, serving as an invaluable aid to the celebrated philologist in his seven years of labor in the preparation of his great work. Of Nathaniel Bailey but little is known, beyond the fact that he was a Seventh-day Baptist, a schoolmaster, and that he died in 1742. His Universal Etymological English Dictionary ("and interpreter of hard words") appeared in 1720, and a copy of one of the early editions—there were thirty in all—is the prize I drew at the Old Book Shop this week. It is dedicated to Frederico Ludovico, duke of Gloucester, and to his three sisters, Anne, Amelia Sophia Eleanor, and Elizabeth Caroline. The introduction, signed "N. Bailey," is in the form of an essay on the faculty of speech "which makes so considerable a difference between a man and a brute." After noting that it has been the universal practice of all polite nations to make the study of letters the first business of life, to assist in which dictionaries have

been compiled, this pioneer lexicographer tells why the English language, more than any other, needs such a help because "it is made up of so great a variety of other languages, both ancient and modern."

\* \* \*

Follows a disquisition on the ancient language of Britain, the mixing of it with the Roman or Latin tongue, the intrusion of the Saxon language, which was maintained to the time of the Conquest, when William of Normandy and his lieutenants endeavored to yoke the English under their tongue as they had them under their command. But, although the victors compelled the conquered to teach their children in their schools nothing but French, which practice was rigorously enforced for three centuries or more, the best they could do was to make a blending of Saxon and French, which became the basis of the present English language. The Normans, says Bailey, "despoiled us, giving a worse for a better, in that the old English could express most aptly all the conceptions of the mind in their own tongue, without borrowing from any." Having given a brief but interesting account of the steps and gradations in the transforming of the language from the early Saxon, the author proceeds to tell of the methods he followed in preparing his dictionary, which, by the way, he enriched with several thousand English words and phrases not before in print. In concluding his modest introductory remarks, the writer hopes that, considering the vast variety, both of words and things, "as few errors have escaped my notice as could reasonably be expected. If any dissent from me in any particular, it ought to secure me from censure that I pretend only to propose to and not impose upon, their judgment."

\* \* \*

In conning the pages of this interesting find, I have come across many quaintly unconscious humorous definitions. "Despair," for example, signifies "a passion of soul, which makes it cast off all hopes; a timorous consternation of an abject mind. A 'miss' is a young gentlewoman, also a 'lady of pleasure.'" "London Pride" is described as "a sort of flower," and ale is defined as "a drink well-known." Here is an amusing definition of "luck": "Chance, fortune; give a man luck and throw him into the sea." "Spinster": "a title given in law to all unmarried women from a viscount's daughter to the meanest." To gratify is "to do one a good turn." "Female": "of the she-kind." "To browse": "to feed by knapping or nibbling." "Biographer": "one who writes the lives of eminent men." Throughout the dictionary are interpolated brief explanations of proverbs. Thus, after "cloak: a garment," the expression, "cut your coat according to your cloth" is shown to be good advice to people of various ranks and degrees. After "hungry" comes "hungry dogs will eat dirty pudding," explained to be a satire on "Those persons whose impetuous lusts make them demean themselves beneath their quality." In addition to these there are little articles on old customs, making it a book of much value to all students of English philology, since it has preserved from oblivion a large number of archaic words and phrases.

\* \* \*

My copy seems to have been owned by several generations of Grahams, beginning with James, who was born in 1700, descending to Augustin, born in 1728, passing to John P. Weaver, whose birth took place in 1783, and next to Lewis Graham Weaver, born in 1815. A note by the latter-named owner says: "This book was first purchased in Edinburgh by Lewis Graham, who, upon certain disturbances breaking out in Scotland, fled to America. It passed from him to his son, James Graham, a lawyer, who, coming to his death by accident, it came to the hands of his brother, Augustin, from whom it passed to his son-in-law, John P. Weaver; from him to his son, Lewis Graham Weaver. The book was 'bound over' in 1831. Quite an interesting bit of personal history." S. T. C.

### FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

LAST Monday was the fourth anniversary of San Francisco's great disaster, but there was no public celebration of the day. The previous evening the Press Club gave an elaborate program at one of the theaters, but beyond the fact that the entertainment was labeled "Four Years After," it bore no special significance. San Francisco's chief interest just now is concentrated in the census, for it is realized that the returns will be the most convincing demonstration to the world of her magnificent recovery. The population in 1900 was 342,782. At the time of the fire it was variously estimated at from 425,000 to 450,000. The best judges are convinced that there

are more people here today than before the disaster. Census-taking in San Francisco seems peculiarly difficult on account of the cosmopolitan character of the community. Among other interesting discoveries is the fact that there is a colony of 1,500 Russians. Twenty inspectors and 315 enumerators comprise the local force of census-takers.

\* \* \*

Municipal ownership enthusiasts were exultant over Judge Ellison's decision denying the injunction to prevent the sale of the Geary street bonds. There is little probability, however, of the bonds being sold until the decision has been appealed. The principal point of the Ellison decision is that the legislature has the power, under the state constitution, to confer upon a city the right to incur bonded indebtedness for the acquisition of street railways, and that the legislature granted such right to the city and county of San Francisco when it approved the charter. Judge Ellison also holds that the bonded indebtedness of a municipality consists of the indebtedness indicated by the amount of bonds actually issued and sold, and not the amount that has been voted.

\* \* \*

So many people were turned away in disappointment at not being able to secure seats at Maud Allan's previous engagement that the dancer is returning this week to give two more performances. Meanwhile, columns of controversy have been provoked by her art, and interminable discussion has waged over the teacups. Evidently, some new phraseology is needed to describe Miss Allan's motions and motifs. None of the critics is content to call her a dancer and let it go at that, but none has suggested anything more satisfying than a "performer in rhythmic." One critic denies that it is dancing at all. Dr. Humphrey Stewart, the well-known musician and composer, declares "it is a degradation of music to take the noble compositions and utilize them as the accompaniment of such motions." And so forth. Our old friend, Lambardi, is quoted as summing up the controversy by saying, "Maud Allan—yes! She is all right. She dances all alone—gets three thousand dollars. Theater too small. Lambardi comes—big grand opera—200 people in company. Gets two thousand dollars. Maud Allan—she's all right!"

\* \* \*

But Lambardi is not complaining of his own fortune, nowadays. He, too, is playing a return engagement. The Columbia was sold out for every performance during the first four weeks' engagement of his company a month ago, and equally satisfactory results promise to reward the present term of two weeks. They who remember Lambardi's first advent to California, about a dozen years ago, and the great difficulty he experienced in finding even sufficient food for his songbirds, rejoice that he has come into his own.

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Nobody in the north seems to have regarded seriously the projection of Governor Gillett into the senatorial race by the Times at the Sierra Madre Club dinner. The only excuse for such a suggestion would be Southern California's acknowledgment that she has no one to present sufficiently equipped to succeed Senator Flint. And such an idea evidently is preposterous. Governor Gillett himself has reiterated his conviction that one senator should hail from south of the Tehachapi. In an interview in Tuesday's Call, the governor emphasized his position as follows: "I am not a candidate for Senator Flint's place. I said nothing in Los Angeles that I had not said here previously. I have many friends in Los Angeles. I have been approached by many leading Los Angeles Republicans and businessmen. I did say that I would make the race if the people of Los Angeles requested me to go in. I have never taken the matter seriously because I have never believed that a situation would arise that would make it incumbent upon me to run. I have so told the many Los Angeles men who have written to me. One of the senators should be a southern man. They have plenty of good men down there."

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Nat Ellery is the fifth candidate for the Republican nomination for governor to open headquarters and to begin an active campaign in San Francisco. His manager announces a whirlwind program, including an automobile tour through the state and the delivering of twenty speeches in San Francisco. Stanton's canvass was formally opened here last week by the appointment of three verification deputies to secure signatures for his nominating petitions. The result of their canvass will be watched with great interest. The hopes of Stanton's friends, however, must necessarily depend on the size of the vote he can command south of the Tehachapi. R. H. C.  
San Francisco, April 19, 1910.



# Famous War Chiefs I Have Known and Painted

BY E. A. BURBANK

## CHIEF TWO MOON (Cheyenne)

CHIEF TWO MOON is a Northern Cheyenne Indian, and in 1897, when he sat for me for a portrait, he was living at Lame Deer, Mont., with his band of Cheyennes. He was then about sixty years of age. He is a full-blood Cheyenne, and for several years, and, in fact, ever since the Cheyennes surrendered to Gen. Nelson A. Miles, he has done all in his power to influence the Northern Cheyennes to be at peace with the white man. As the Cheyennes are naturally of a warlike disposition, Chief Two Moon had, at times, to exercise considerable diplomacy to control his band. At the time he sat for me he was a robust, powerfully built man. It will be noted that his features resemble the Teutonic type more than those of the North American Indian. He took a prominent part in the Custer battle and was one of the leaders, under Chief Gall of the Sioux nation. He told me that he was on his way with a lot of Cheyennes to join the Sioux, who were camped on the Little Big Horn river in Montana in 1876, and that before he reached the main camp he had a fight with Uncle Sam's soldiers, who captured all his ponies, but that night he recaptured them and traveled on to join the allied tribes. He told the Sioux of the fight he had with the troops, and that they were on their way to their camp, but it was a few days before they made their appearance. The Indians, he said, were taken by surprise, so much so that a number were in the river, bathing, but soon they heard shooting and then saw the soldiers. The Indians at once rushed to their tepees and hurriedly prepared for a fight. He said it was a heap big fight, heap shooting and heap dust. The soldiers seemed frightened or excited, as so many of them shot wild and shot high. After the fight was over, the Indian women mutilated the bodies of the soldiers except that of General Custer. The heart of Tom Custer, General Custer's brother, was cut out by Rain-in-the-Face in revenge for placing him under arrest at Fort Lincoln several years before.

Two Moon was very popular with the white people at Lame Deer. At the time he sat for me, George Bird Grinnell was there, writing a history of the Cheyennes, and also taking records of their songs on a phonograph. One day a Cheyenne Indian, an old friend of Two Moon, had sung in the phonograph and Mr. Grinnell the next day had reproduced the song for Two Moon's benefit. The chief recognized his friend's voice and became so frightened that he immediately left the room where he was sitting for me, and it took a lot of persuasion and arguing by the Indian interpreter to convince Two Moon that it was all right, and for him to return to the studio, which he finally did.

Just a few weeks before I arrived at Lame Deer, a Cheyenne Indian belonging to Two Moon's band had shot and killed a sheep herder (white man) and the murderer sent word to Major Stough, then agent, that he killed the sheep herder and that he wanted to die in his own way, which

was that on a certain day, at a certain hour, he would make his appearance on a certain hill, mounted on his pony, and arrayed in war paint, with his horse decorated for war, and at a given signal he would fight the two hundred soldiers who were then present at Lame Deer, and that he would kill all the soldiers he could until they shot him dead.

This Major Stough would not permit. Three sheriffs were present to arrest the Indian. The Cheyennes went to the Indian agent and pleaded with him to allow the Indian to die as he had suggested, but the major was firm and would not recede. They asked what those three sheriffs were doing there, and when told, replied they

Indian as he saw fit, and for his band to disperse and go home. So powerful was his oratory and so greatly was he respected that his instructions were obeyed and trouble was averted.

Seeing that there was to be no fight, the Indian on the hill immediately rode away. Major Stough then told Two Moon that the murderer belonged to his band and that it was his duty to capture the Indian and bring him to the agency headquarters, which was done in a few days. The culprit was sent to jail and died seven years later in custody.

I happened to have with me the portrait that I had painted of Chief Joseph, and I showed it to Two Moon. He looked at it a long time and

then said, "I knew him; I was a scout for General Miles at the time he surrendered, and if he had not given himself up when he did, you never would have painted his portrait, as I had my gun leveled at his heart."

Two Moon was very particular about how he was to be dressed for his portrait. He painted his face with markings of blue and wore a string of bear claws about his neck, and had a string of beads around his shoulders, with little bags of medicine attached to the beads. Two eagle feathers were on his head, one of them painted red to commemorate the fight he had with Custer and his soldiers.

He was a medicine man, and the Indians had great faith in his ability. One day, while he was posing for me, he said he could not come the next day, as he had to visit a sick Indian. He was one of my best models, and it was a pleasure to have him around, as he was always so happy and congenial.

[No other artist in the country has enjoyed the opportunities gained by Mr. E. A. Burbank—now a resident of Los Angeles—the painter of Indian portraits, to meet face to face, and on their own ground, the once-noted Indian chiefs of America. now so rapidly passing away. For the last twenty years Mr. Burbank has journeyed from camp to camp among the aborigines of the northwest and southwest, painting successively all the great warriors whose past prowess has made their names famous in frontier history. It is, therefore, with considerable pride that The Graphic directs attention to a series of articles from Mr. Burbank's pen, describing interviews with these once-powerful war chiefs, and illustrated by portraits from life, redrawn in pencil especially for The Graphic, from his

original studies. Previous contributions include sketches and portraits of Red Cloud, the famous Ogallalla Sioux of fated Fort Fetterman memory; of Geronimo, the noted Apache leader, whose death was recorded only a few months ago; of Chief Joseph, the fighting Nez Perce, who set Uncle Sam's troopers so mad a pace in the northwest country; of the quaint Indian humorist, Chief Blue Horse, an original Bill Nye of the Sioux tribe. Also stories and pictures of Indian children and Indian maids, notably Princess Gi-aume of the Kiowa tribe, whose timidity in posing Mr. Burbank has delightfully revealed.—The Editor.]



must not arrest the Indian; if they did, trouble would ensue. At the appointed day and hour the two hundred soldiers were present, the three sheriffs, Major Stough and all the Cheyenne Indians, each armed.

Sure enough, at the stated hour the Indian made his appearance on the hill, mounted on his war pony, both in full panoply of war, and with his squaw by his side. Just as the Indian made his appearance, Two Moon stepped forward, and, in a loud voice, called to his band to listen to him. He told his followers not to make any trouble, but to allow Major Stough to finish the



## MRS. FISKE IN "PILLARS OF SOCIETY"

**M**INNIE MADDERN FISKE is now in New York, presenting one of Ibsen's earlier and less well-known plays, "The Pillars of Society." The play is peculiarly interesting to the students of Ibsen because of its place in Ibsen's development. It is the first play in which he turned aside from the romance of Brand and Peer Gynt and the idealism of Emperor and Galilean and the Young Men's League to strike the distinctively modern note of his later plays, and to show the real conditions of things. In "Pillars of Society" society is represented, not as he would like to have it, but as it exists, with convention and deceit bred in its bone. Also, it is the first play in which Ibsen has used the symbolism so characteristic of his later plays. The rotten ship, "The Indian Girl," unseaworthy and dangerous, is Bernick, the man who has built his life on lying and deceit, the respectable representative of society. The symbol is wonderfully conceived, and is so worked into the structure of the play that it is inseparable from it. It is this union of a symbol with the essence of the play that puts Ibsen head and shoulders above those lesser men who have attempted the use of the symbol as an added accessory to serve ornamental purposes only. The parallel fails at no point. The defects of the boat, the attempt to cover up its deficiencies, its start, endangering life and property, and its return to harbor and the promise of complete renovation are an exact picture of the man whose moral shortcomings have been speciously devised and hidden for the good of society, who after coming perilously near to spiritual and moral shipwreck purges his life of lies and begins anew on the basis of truth and freedom.

\* \* \*

Freedom from the soul-killing ideals of respectability, typified by the pious Rorlund, open his soul to the full recognition of the truth, so that he is able to face facts, whether or not they serve the purposes of conventionality. When the play opens, Bernick is the richest and most influential citizen of a little Norwegian seaport town. He is at the height of his power. His shipyard is widely known, and he is interested in bringing a railroad into the town. Apparently, he is working only for the good of the community, but in reality, for private gain. He and a few intimates have bought all the valuable timber and mining lands along the right of way. His entire fortune is at stake. At a critical moment, Johann and Lona Hessel come back, unannounced, from America. As is usual with Ibsen, most of the events leading to the dramatic situation have occurred long before. In a financial crisis Bernick, not wishing to admit that the firm had no funds, invented a robbery to account for lack of money, and Johann, who, in rebellion at the narrowness of the little community, was going to America, shouldered the supposed guilt out of pure friendship. At the same time Bernick was very nearly caught in an escapade with an actress, and to save his dear respectability and the sensibilities of the community without Johann's knowledge, made him the scapegoat for this offense. Lona, who years before had loved Bernick, is the only person who knows that Johann is innocent, and it is she who lets sunlight and pure air into the stuffy atmosphere of Bernick's soul. He is afraid that she means to destroy his reputation. If the truth is known it will mean financial as well as social ruin. The net is drawn very closely about him.

\* \* \*

Johann has fallen in love with Dina, who is believed by the community to be his daughter, and Johann demands that his name be freed that he may marry her. He has two letters that will prove his innocence and Bernick's guilt. The Indian Girl is to sail. Johann declares that he will go to America on her, settle his affairs and return to face the community. Bernick knows that the boat will go straight to the bottom, and he becomes in intent a murderer to save himself. But Johann and Dina sail on another ship, leaving the incriminating letters in Lona's hands. She, however, has no intention of punishing Bernick. She knows that salvation cannot be forced upon him from without, so she destroys the letters with an appeal to Bernick to come back to the better self she knows lies dormant. He is safe. News reaches him that his only son has run away and is on the Indian Girl. His sin seems to have found him out. A hurricane comes up and the ship puts back to shore. Again he is safe, but his soul has been awakened. His townsmen come to do him honor, and at a large mass meeting he makes public confession and promises such restitution as is possible.

\* \* \*

Bernick is the central figure in the drama, but

Lona Hessel is a sort of dramatic mainspring. Through her the drama turns and the revolution takes place in Bernick's soul. She is a sort of good angel personified, though as Mrs. Fiske plays her she is very human and very fine. To Mrs. Fiske belongs largely the honor of establishing the popularity of Ibsen in this country. "Pillars of Society" is the fourth Ibsen play that she has produced. While many people would prefer to see her in a role that would keep her more constantly on the stage, it is very beautiful to see an actress in her position willing to cede her place as the star of a production and subordinate herself to the artistic quality of the play as a whole. Mr. Blinn as Bernick is wonderfully fine in his presentation of a man strong enough to hold his own in his world of finance and social power, and yet thoroughly weak in his own moral fiber. It is not easy to convey dual characteristics that seemingly conflict, but Mr. Blinn does it convincingly. The other members of the cast are well chosen. The lighting of the storm scene is admirable. As I left the theater I heard this remark, "I feel as if it must be raining, that storm was so real."

ANNE PAGE.

New York, April 18, 1910.

## REFLECTIONS OF A RECTOR EMERITUS

**I** USED often to wonder in the busy years gone by what a man would find to do if he did nothing. Now I am finding out. In other words, I am a rector emeritus, and a rector emeritus is the man who, at last, has all the quiet delight of a pastorate, with its watching and its weariness laid aside; who is still knit to his people, sharing their joys in their homes and bearing their sorrows; comforting or counseling them from the pulpit, when occasion may present, but free, with an unruffled conscience to come or go as he will, because younger shoulders are now bearing the burden.

He no longer (and, O, happy thought!) has to eat his meals with his watch in front of him, and to sleep and get up by the tick of the clock. His door bell no longer hath delirium tremens, and it is the other man's telephone which causeth the other man to jump.

But how does a man get through the day, who has nothing to do except what he wants to do? Very well, indeed, thank you. Never better. It is truly a great thing to be rector emeritus. In fact, as I telegraphed to an old friend in Los Angeles, on my last birthday, "I am growing young like sixty!"

But, seriously, is there not a reason why so many men, after a long and busy life, having reached the age when they can gracefully retire, do so, and immediately thereafter grow old and fretful, and in a short time wither up and blow away? And is not this the reason: that, while they have a business or a profession to retire from, they have nothing to retire to? Every man should cultivate during his active years, not only a vocation but an avocation; a hobby as well as a calling; something to retire to as well as something to retire from. Then, with friends and books and daily journals and his "hobby," whatever his "hobby" may be, and a reasonable degree of good health, why should any man, even after retirement, find life uninteresting?

Here we are in the oldest city of America, St. Augustine, Fla. Yesterday we visited the oldest house in America. That is true. The signboard on the house said so. But there is other evidence corroborative and indisputable. Its picture used to appear in my geography, away back there when I was a boy. So it must be true.

This is, indeed, the ancient city of ancient things. Last night my better three-quarters and I took a stroll in the moonlight along the old sea wall. It was begun by the Spaniards in 1690, and completed by Uncle Sam about a hundred years ago. And as we strolled together, in the delightful stillness of the night, listening to the music of the waters, we thought of the many, many others, who, through all those years, had taken the same stroll along the old sea wall, and listened in just the same way to the rhythmic lapping of the waters and had whispered together, just as we all have in our day, that old, old story, which never grows old, but is new forevermore. And while we thought these things, the stars came out and winked.

But the people here are even more interesting than the quaint old city. One is constantly impressed with the beautiful courtesy of the old-time southerner. I believe it is true that there is no such unalloyed suavity anywhere in the United States as there is here in the south. In fact, I knew it before I came. I knew it from my experiences in Los Angeles; for it was a matter of pride and rejoicing with us in Christ Church that

we had more genuine native-born southerners in our congregation than any other church in the city. And they were typical of what the southern gentlemen and gentlewomen are: the real, old-time kind; and of what each of us ought to seek to be. I mean such men and women as Judge and Mrs. Albert M. Stephens and Judge (since passed away), and Mrs. James A. Anderson, and Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Woolwine and many others, who, like them, add grace and dignity to your city.

And there is still another condition which impresses me. Here in the south they have the purest blooded Anglo-Saxon stock in the United States. New York and Chicago and Boston and Cincinnati and other northern cities are essentially foreign centers. Broadway is a slice out of Jerusalem, while there are sections in our great metropolis, where, if you speak English only, you cannot make yourself understood. In the signs on the streets down here I have not yet found one Jawouski, and Isaacsons are rare.

Not that I would say a word detrimental to either Mr. Jawouski or Mr. Isaacson. No! I speak with deliberation and of what I know when I affirm that the American people are richer because of their coming among us. They are good citizens, as a rule, and many of their sons and grandsons constitute our most honored citizens. But I am only stating a fact. They are not like the delightful old-time or the present-day southerner.

And yet, the philosophy of life is that no man nor any community can have everything. If you do have this, you can't have that. It is Emerson's law of compensation. And so it is in the south. As compared with their brethren of the north, the southerners are charming and easy going, but—well—deliberate.

It is true that to the traveler from the north, the change is very welcome. Coming from a city where it is shown by statistics that more people are killed every year in crossing Broadway, than in crossing the Atlantic ocean, it is a great delight to find a community like this. It seems so much saner to travel the slower pace. I have not had to say my prayers once while crossing the street since I came to St. Augustine. And it has been a great relief.

But how can they ever compete with the north? That is what puzzles me every day. Yet they are competing, and with wonderful success, especially in the marketing of fruits and agriculture. It is not so many years ago since the cotton growers would have considered a million bales as an over-crop. Now, they are disposing of twelve or thirteen million bales every year. This is prosperity.

But here is a story which was told me by a southerner himself, so I will lay the responsibility on his good-natured shoulders, and let it go at that. He said in his native town of Texicana one day the train came in on time. The event was so unusual that some of the citizens at the station decided to celebrate it by honoring the conductor. So, on the spur of the moment, they made up a little purse among themselves and said to him, "This is the first train that has come into Texicana on time this year. We desire to show our appreciation of the event and have therefore decided to present you with this little token of our regard." And he answered, "Gentlemen, I assure you that I appreciate very much your kindness. Now, 'deed I do. But, really, I can't take it. I haven't the conscience to do it, because, the fact is, this train was due yesterday."

GEO. THOS. DOWLING.

Rector Emeritus St. James Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. St. Augustine, Fla., April 13, 1910.

## Kingsbury Starts His Petition

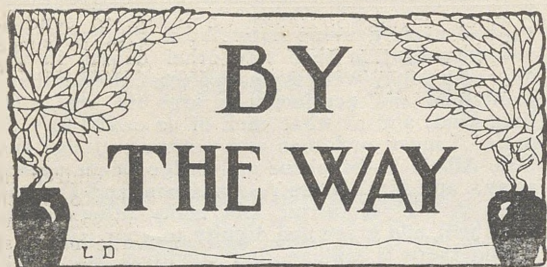
William S. Kingsbury, state surveyor general, was in Los Angeles for several days last week, starting his petition for a second term from here, his home city. As I have previously noted, Mr. Kingsbury has been endorsed by the executive committee of the Lincoln-Roosevelt faction in his own party, although in the first instance he was a nominee of the Santa Cruz convention of four years ago. He has proved a clean and capable official and his nomination probably will follow as a matter of course.

## The Message

An angel came to me one night,  
And whispered in my ear—  
The message that was brought to me  
Made heaven vastly near.  
On many wondrous things I gazed,  
I walked celestial ways,  
I caught the whirr of angels' wings,  
And, through the shadowy haze,  
I saw the Master on His throne,  
I felt His blessed breath:  
The angel whispered in my ear,  
"Beloved, this is death."

—MINA DEANE HALSEY.





#### Elder's Weak Imitators

Emulous of the great success achieved by the Los Angeles Investment Company, under the direction of Charles A. Elder and his brainy associates, have sprung up a number of feeble imitators, one of which, the Unit Loan Company, after a brief existence, came to grief this week. Another unhappy experience was that of the Cumulative Credit Company, into whose handsomely equipped offices so much of the money of the confiding stockholders went. The "Empire Builders" was another "big blow," whose early stock income was dissipated in advertising to catch more suckers, and there are still others, whose plan is to pay big commissions—often as high as 25 per cent—for the sale of stock, and whose officers are found dealing in real estate on the side and unloading on the company at an advance, thus depriving the stockholders of their legitimate profits. Still other companies have been started with an enormous capitalization, on paper, but with less than a hundred dollars paid into the treasury. They also have sold stock freely and kept going until the producers grew timid and quit. Advertising houses have been built, but only in the newspaper space that was hired. Others have built houses at low figures, but only for those on the inside. Thus the game has been worked. Among these emulators have been a few whose officers undoubtedly were honest, well-meaning men, but without experience in the line of home building, which has many pitfalls and its own technique, so to say. Not having any real estate to grow in value or other assets to bring an income, they must pay their dividends from the sale of stock—must sell more stock or go to the wall. This is not the Elder way. Take the College tract for example, acquired by the Los Angeles Investment Company at a price one-eighth below what it is worth on the market today, the stockholders reaped the benefit of this increase as they have done in numerous other instances, and even the premium which the stock now commands all reverts to the general fund. That is the chief difference between the Elder way of doing business and that of his many inexperienced or unscrupulous imitators.

#### Mrs. Rodman Honors The Graphic

I make deep obeisance to Mrs. Willoughby Rodman and President F. W. Blanchard of the Arbor Day Association for the acacia tree planted in the name of the editor of The Graphic last Saturday on the Slauson avenue playground. I am told that Mrs. Rodman said many nice things about The Graphic at the spading ceremony and to that charming, indefatigable woman, whose popularity in society never seems to interfere with her civic activities, I offer the gratitude of a full heart. May she live long enough to see her grandchildren disporting under the umbrageous foliage of that self-same acacia.

#### Professor Dobinson Answers the Call

I was greatly shocked to hear the news of the death of the esteemed Prof. George A. Dobinson, Wednesday of this week, following an apoplectic stroke. He appeared in his usual health when I saw him at the Maud Allan performance, a few days prior to his illness, and responded cheerily to a greeting. I suppose none other in Los Angeles was so thoroughly steeped in Shakespearean lore as he, and his delight in all presentations of the great bard's comedies and tragedies was genuine. Not a single performance of Louis James, or Frederick Warde, Robert Mantell or other interpreters of the legitimate was ever missed by this lover of Shakespeare, who could, in a pinch, prompt the players, were they principal or subordinate characters, at any stage of the representation. He has helped scores of aspiring youngsters to find themselves in his capacity as head of the Dobinson School of Expression, and it was his delight to foster the budding talent of a pupil, which he was quick to perceive. Because of this interest and of his kindness of heart, he will be sincerely mourned by his former students now filling engagements all over the country. Born in England, sixty-seven years ago, Professor Dobinson had been a resident of California nearly forty years, and of Los Angeles for thirty-five years. As a dramatic

critic he evinced rare discernment and a disposition to help by intelligent suggestion, rather than to discourage by brutal incoherence. To his accomplished widow, whose dramatic ability, both as playwright and interpreter, is of a high order, and to his sister Mrs. W. R. Blackman, I extend sincere condolences. To the Scribes Club, of which Professor Dobinson was the founder and perennial president, I offer a silent toast to the memory of our esteemed associate.

#### Professor Francis at the City Club

This noon, members of the City Club, in session at the Westminster, should be both entertained and enlightened by a talk by Prof. J. H. Francis, the able principal of the polytechnic high school, whose topic, "What the Public School Should Do for Good Citizenship," is sure to be productive of food for thought. Professor Francis I regard as the ideal educator; pupils at the polytechnic are devoted to him, and the wild scramble at the beginning of every term to get enrolled is a tribute to his administration. Long may he be preserved to guide and direct aright the budding youth of Los Angeles.

#### Stetsons Leave Honolulu for the Orient

From Honolulu I am in receipt of an illustrated postcard from A. L. Stetson, who, with Mrs. Stetson, has been enjoying a delightful stay in the garden spot of the Pacific. The breakfast room of their cottage faced the ocean and at their front door was a grove of tall cocoa palms. Last Monday they reluctantly left Honolulu for China and Japan. As Dr. and Mrs. Robert J. Burdette did not sail for the orient until March 28, they had many opportunities to fraternize. Mr. Stetson visited Honolulu twenty-five years ago, and he finds many changes have taken place in that time, a few not for the better, he adds.

#### Ernest Fosters Are Home Again

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest K. Foster and their son, Noel, are home again, fully a year ahead of schedule time, having decided to postpone their proposed visit to the Nile country until a more convenient season. Truth is, a year's absence from Los Angeles was about all these loyal folk could stand, and they decided to abandon all further sight seeing after repeated attacks of nostalgia had seized both. As their pretty home in the Sycamore grove region is still occupied by Mr. and Mrs. John Blackwood, they have betaken themselves to Mt. Washington, where Mrs. Woodward is making them feel at home at Mt. Washington Hotel.

#### Lee Gates Ideal Legislative Timber

Meyer Lissner and his associates have done well by placin' in the legislative running Lee C. Gates, to make the race for the state senate in the district for several sessions represented by William H. Savage. The latter is said to be an aspirant for re-election, but with the party convention a thing of the past, his permanent retirement should be easily accomplished. Lee C. Gates will make a creditable figure at Sacramento. If the Lincoln-Roosevelt leaders succeed in presenting equally good material in other districts the ticket as a whole will be greatly strengthened, and, incidentally, the next legislature can be relied upon to repeal a few bad laws that have crept into the statutes, besides adding many new ones that have been sedulously kept out. It is to be regretted that the earnest young reformer, Lyman Farwell, could not see his way to make the run-in for the legislature in the Seventy-first district. That is the sort of material needed at Sacramento.

#### If Chaffee Would Consent

From a source that is entitled to serious consideration comes a political suggestion that the California democracy again is at it, hammer and tongs, with W. R. Hearst, seeking once more either to rule the party organization or ruin such chances for success as the coming partisan struggle in the state may offer. It is evident that with the Hearst papers, here and in San Francisco, fighting the state ticket, as is fairly certain to prove the case if Theodore A. Bell is named for governor, the latter will be under a heavy handicap. What the party needs in this crisis is a Moses, and such a leader, argues the political quidnunc quoted, is to be found in Adna R. Chaffee. He gives a precedent for his belief and calls attention to the fact that a decade or so ago the state was in the throes of a political campaign, with the railroad political organization the issue then, as now. The democracy had been out of it for a long time until, finally, it was suggested that the nominee for governor be George A. Stoneman, who, like Adna R. Chaffee, was a resident of Los Angeles, and a retired army officer, who had rendered his country distinguished serv-

ice. Stoneman was named, in the face of northern political protest, the leaders in San Francisco fulminating against the unknown candidate. But the gallant Union soldier was elected easily, as also might be Chaffee, if he could be induced to allow the use of his name. "Of course," concludes my correspondent, "I assume General Chaffee to be a militant Democrat, as under the charter of the city of Los Angeles, he must be of that partisan faith in order to hold his present position as a member of the board of public works."

#### Adolphus Busch is Miffed

Adolphus Busch goes back to St. Louis after six weeks of rest at Pasadena, feeling rather aggrieved, I am told, that he is not taken more seriously in Los Angeles. He has been heard to complain that he is never invited to be a participant in functions given here in honor of prominent visitors, never has been asked to attend the annual Chamber of Commerce dinner, nor yet to become a member of that organization. I gather that he would gladly ally himself with Southern California to the latter extent, if he were urged to do so. Inasmuch as the head of the St. Louis brewery is one of the important property owners of this section, it would not hurt to show him a little attention.

#### Long Distance to Phoenix

Los Angeles soon will have long distance telephone connection with Phoenix, a consummation that has been long desired. I am told that Col. Epes Randolph and his associates have finally effected the financing of an enterprise pledged to this work after nearly eight years of delay. A corporation has been formed that has taken over certain small independent telephone lines throughout northern Arizona, and as soon as it can be done, the wires will be stretched across the mountains into Southern California. While I have no authority for the statement, I would not be surprised to learn that the Bell people are behind the undertaking. Also that in the end it will mean telephone communication with Denver, direct from Los Angeles, also to El Paso, and, still later, as far east as Chicago and New York.

#### Deacon Burton's Change of Creed

While my esteemed colleague Otheman Stevens of the Examiner is striving to prove that black is white over in Diaz' land and that talk of slavery is an absurdity, another newspaper veteran, George Washington Burton, with equal simulated zeal is found arguing in the Times for a continuance of high tariff schedules, which he would have us believe is what the country really needs. There was a time when Deacon Burton sung a different song, but that was when he was defending the policies of the late Grover Cleveland, on the Democratic Herald. Since that day the veteran writer has changed his environment and is now required to produce standpat literature for the edification of Times' readers. I wonder if Deacon Burton believes in this creed he now preaches? If he does, truly he has traveled backward.

#### Doheny Wins His Suit

E. L. Doheny has won the suit wherein he contested the right of Los Angeles city and county to tax foreign corporations upon their capital stock issued. The question came up when the late Ben E. Ward was county assessor. He sought to compel the Mexican Petroleum Company of Delaware to pay into the public treasury here a large bonus for the privilege of doing business in California. The plaintiff won his contention in the lower court and the county assessor appealed to the supreme court, which has affirmed the verdict. If the case had gone against him, doubtless, Mr. Doheny would have carried it to the supreme court of the United States. The point decided is of importance, in that it has settled a vexed question that has been agitating foreign corporations for years.

#### Works Evokes No Enthusiasm

I hear from Berkeley that Judge John D. Works, at present the only announced Southern California Republican aspirant for United States senator has not created a favorable oratorical impression in the north, where he has been campaigning with Hiram Johnson and A. J. Wallace for several weeks. Judge Works' long suit never was oratory of a popular sort. It is claimed that he is cold and unable to arouse his audiences. In Berkeley the Lincoln-Roosevelt crusaders had a large and enthusiastic audience, such as would gather in Los Angeles, for instance, an impressive majority of which was in sympathy with the new movement within the Republican ranks. There was considerable enthusiasm evinced for Johnson, but by the time Judge Works sat down



the crowd had grown lethargic. A similar state of affairs is reported from other places visited by the late president of the Los Angeles city council. I reiterate my belief that if we are to have a senator from Southern California to succeed Frank Flint, we must nominate a man of the Willis Booth type, who has ability, magnetism and great personal energy.

#### Leo Will Not Contest for Shrievalty

While not in position to make an authoritative announcement, I have excellent reason for believing that United States Marshal Leo V. Youngworth has about decided that he will not make a try for sheriff in the coming primary. This means that unless the Lincoln-Roosevelt influence finds an opposition candidate, Will A. Hammel will find no serious difficulty in securing another four-year term of office, perhaps the best-paid public position in the state. I believe it is no exaggeration to say that the sheriff of Los Angeles county draws from the treasury upward of \$20,000, and I have heard the figures given as being nearer \$25,000 a year. Sheriff Hammel has made a fine, clean record, and is a most popular official. Marshal Youngworth is just back from a trip to New Orleans and marvels at the wonderful progress the new south is making.

#### Sample of State Architecture

I am profoundly impressed by the drawing sent on from Sacramento to "Father" W. M. Bowen of the Agricultural Park project, which appeared on the front page of the local section of the Times Thursday. I was not sure until I read the label whether it was a design for a Japanese tea-garden enclosure, a greenhouse, a garage, or, possibly the much-discussed union depot, but my doubts were removed by finding that it was a perspective for a state exposition building, from the offices of the state architect, W. D. Coates, Jr., and State Engineer Ellery. I suppose this trifling affair was turned over to one of the apprentices, whose garage practice unconsciously permeated the design. I can imagine Deacon Bowen's disgust when he first gazed on this amateur drawing. Is that the best effort of the state architect's office?

#### Mrs. Stilson's Election Confirmed

My felicitations to Mrs. W. W. Stilson, whose election as state regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution has been confirmed by the nineteenth continental congress, in session at Washington. This is the first time in eighteen years that the honor has rested otherwise than in San Francisco, and a determined effort was made to defeat the choice of the resident Daughters in California, expressed at the election held in Los Angeles six weeks or so ago. A rump meeting of the disaffected ones was held following the regularly called convention here, at which the present state regent was chosen as her own successor, but these proceedings were frowned upon by the parent body, and Mrs. Stilson's election duly ratified. I hear that the regent-elect is having a most enjoyable visit in Washington, where her relatives, the John W. Fosters, are check-by-jowl with all the people worth knowing. From the national capital she will go to New York, thence to Ohio, returning to the coast by way of Topeka, her early home, after an absence of several months.

#### Bond Issues Get Rousing Majority

That a most successful campaign was waged by the harbor committee appointed by the Chamber of Commerce, of which George H. Stewart, candidate for the council, was chairman and A. P. Fleming, the indefatigable secretary of the harbor commission, was an ex-officio member, was signally demonstrated by the preponderating affirmative vote of nine to one for the harbor bonds and nearly the same ratio for the power bonds. I never had a doubt as to the ratification of either. The honor of the city was at stake in the first instance, and the attitude of the public toward the Owens river undertaking has not been in doubt since the ten to one vote for the aqueduct bonds was registered.

#### Peonage in Mexico

Cosmopolitan Magazine writers to the contrary notwithstanding, slavery or, more strictly speaking, peonage, really does exist throughout Mexico. In proof of this assertion one need only to examine certain real estate contracts executed in the southern republic. I have been told of an instrument this week, seen by a friend, providing for the transfer of a certain hacienda of considerable proportions. One of the items in the bill of sale provides that the new owner shall take over a certain Indian village occupied by about

two hundred laborers upon the plantation, men, women and children; that these defendants shall be clothed and fed and shall be paid—anything or nothing. I am further informed that transfers of large properties are effected daily in the Mexican republic with similar provisions as part of the consideration.

#### Pooh Bah Burnett's "Flossie" Story

Avery McCarthy advises me that one of the most appreciative stories told the recent visitors of the Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit Association at their various entertainments is credited to Charles H. Burnett, pooh bah of the Los Angeles and Redondo Railroad, president of the Chamber of Commerce, head of the new tennis and golfette club of Redondo Beach, all-round raconteur, social favorite, bachelor and poet. It occurred in his address of welcome to the visitors at a fish dinner at "The Dolphin" last week. Here is the extract:

I neglected to ask Mr. Mitchell whether he proposed to run his entertainment committee on the European or the American plan, but judging from the expressions I have heard today, I find he has been running it on the California plan. The difference between the European plan and the American plan is well illustrated by an item I saw in the paper the other day, under the head of "Answers to Correspondents," as follows:

"In the best society, what do guests at leading metropolitan hotels usually order for breakfast? As I have never been away from home and am going to New York on my bridal tour, I shall appreciate any helpful hint. I am eighteen, and my health is good."

Answer: "That depends. Should the hotel at which you stop be conducted on the European plan, you will write out this order: Coffee, rolls and boiled eggs. If, on the other hand, the American plan obtains, ask the waiter to bring you the following: Hot house grapes, blood oranges, oatmeal, cream, bread, rolls, corn muffins, scones, chocolate, broiled salmon, creamed potatoes, omelet with mushrooms, porterhouse steak, grilled sweet potatoes, hot waffles, maple syrup. If your health is very good, a jumbo squab on toast may precede the steak. Take the oranges to your room."

Now, if Mr. Mitchell had been running that breakfast on the California plan, he would merely have added humming-bird's tongues on toast, broiled fish, and a few other simple dishes that Flossie might have overlooked.

I understand the hotel men were still sore from laughing when they woke up next morning.

#### Joe Call May Run for Governor

It was not a bad stroke of politics to attempt to have Joseph H. Call make the race for railroad commissioner. But Mr. Call declined to become a goat in the matter. For, with John M. Eshleman of El Centro making the Lincoln-Roosevelt run, and with Theodore Summerland representing the organization element, the chances of overcoming a district that gives a majority of from twenty to thirty thousand are slim. Still, Judge Call might be able to land, but there are many who think he could far easier be elected governor of the state. In fact, it begins to look as if Mr. Call and his closest friends have so sized up the situation, and it will not surprise me if he and not Theodore A. Bell, after all, is the party candidate to succeed James N. Gillett. W. R. Hearst has promised Judge Call to support him here as well as in San Francisco, which handicap he might be able to overcome.

#### Santa Barbara Looking Up

From Santa Barbara comes word that the beautiful resort city is visibly booming. It appears that a number of the wealthy winter residents who tarry in the vicinity of Montecito for a good part of the winter months, have been persuaded to take part in a plan of civic improvement, which appears to have been vigorously espoused by a number of permanent Santa Barbarans. These local folk recently subscribed a large sum for the construction and the equipment of a new hotel, to replace the burned Arlington, which promises to be a real rival of the Potter. I am informed that among the promoters of that enterprise is President E. P. Ripley of the Santa Fe. Mr. Ripley makes his winter home in Santa Barbara. He occupies a large and roomy house, which he built several years ago. When the Santa Barbara people, a few weeks ago, organized their new improvement association, it was suggested that the head of the Santa Fe system be interviewed, with a view of gaining his powerful support in the scheme for betterments. Mr. Ripley received the committee of citizens most graciously and at once acquiesced in the movement. Santa Barbara is fortunate to have enlisted so level-headed and influential a man in this effort to give Santa Barbara that impetus the place needs. If he were not a voter of Cook county, Illinois, I might be

found urging Southern California to send Mr. Ripley to the United States senate to succeed Senator Flint, since the latter refuses to serve another term.

#### Protests Against a Musical Conductor

My esteemed friend, Rev. Benjamin Hartley, rector of that quiet little Episcopal church in a wooded retreat at north San Gabriel, to which I have so often ridden in the past, my saddle mare nibbling contentedly at the grass while her master worshiped within, has written me in spirited protest against musical conductors, to which, unlike so many other of his utterances, I cannot subscribe. Here is his plaint, addressed to the editor of The Graphic:

In the delightfully discriminating criticisms by Mrs. Lott, on current musical performances, one is often attracted by a word or phrase which is, or seems to be, a pleasant bit of irony. In last Saturday's issue, while remarking upon "Maud Allan and her art," there occurred these words, "And it would hardly be surprising to find that the natural desire to watch the stage had interfered with the duty of watching the conductor." I think it is the opinion of those who wish to enjoy such performances that the conductor should be eliminated altogether; and a few are bold enough to say that no orchestra is sufficiently trained that cannot render the music in public without a conductor, any more than an actor is, who has to depend upon a prompter. At a concert, one can shut his eyes and listen, but when the appeal is to the eyes more than to the ears, no gesticulating leader ought to intervene. In fact, the orchestra itself should not be seen.

Of course, if conditions were ideal, the orchestra would be hidden, but I cannot agree that the conductor could be eliminated. I fear there would be a confusion of sound and a jarring of nerves if an orchestra were to be deprived of its leader and attempted to go it alone. I cannot understand how so artistic a soul as Dr. Hartley can for a moment entertain such a thought. I quite agree with my brilliant coadjutor, Mrs. Lott, that the orchestra at the Maud Allan performances needed chiding for, repeatedly, I saw individual members bobbing up to watch the stage when all eyes should have been on Harley Hamilton. I am sure musicians are unanimous in their contention that the conductor of an orchestra is just as indispensable as the score of the music played.

#### Two Opposing Statements

City and county taxes are due Monday, and the delinquency this year promises to be unusually heavy. Considering that the winter season just passed ranks with the most prosperous Los Angeles has experienced in a long time, the above report is hard to understand. In proof of the good business enjoyed is the assertion that several of the more important financial institutions of the city are preparing to increase their annual dividends with the new fiscal year, beginning July 1. I hear that the Farmers and Merchants National Bank is in this class. Its annual disbursements to stockholders, after June 30, it is hinted, are to be on a basis of 15 per cent, instead of 12 per cent, the existing rate.

#### Gum Shoe Promotion

Presumably because of satisfactory work in the gum-shoe artist line in the proceedings that proved Nicholas Oswald to have been in league with a previous municipal administration, the Blair detective agency has been appointed Los Angeles and Southern California sleuths to watch over the interests of the American Bankers Association. The Pinkertons enjoyed a monopoly of this business for years, until Detective Burns of San Francisco graft fame took it over lately.

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## EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK

Ernest Browning Smith—Blanchard Gallery.  
Chas. A. Rogers—Academy of Art.

By Everett C. Maxwell

Doubtless, the many friends and admirers of Frank P. Sauerwein and his work will be interested to learn of this artist's present movements and future plans. Since Mr. Sauerwein's return from a prolonged residence at Taos, New Mexico, he has completed a number of important desert subjects. He has applied himself diligently to his chosen profession for a number of years and Tuesday of this week bade a cheery farewell to his favorite sun-lit land and departed for New York, for a vacation and complete rest from work. That is, Mr. Sauerwein assures us that it is merely to enjoy the work of others, but knowing something of his indomitable passion for paint, I fear that the stimulation to be derived from association with the eastern giants of art will prove too strong a temptation to which he will eventually yield. After the spring season passed in the metropolis, Mr. Sauerwein will go to Stanford, Conn., for a lengthy sojourn, later going south to pay a visit to his aged father.

For a number of years this favorite artist has maintained his studio at Taos, the better to study the life and character of the desert Indians, whose picturesque existence has furnished the motif for many of his most successful paintings. Art and history will for all time be indebted to the painter who shall adequately portray the romantic and realistic life of our native Indian. America has produced many strong painters who have been lured by the quaint charm of the pueblo life and have deserted their eastern studios to devote their time to painting the vanishing races. Many have succeeded to a remarkable degree, and their paintings win instant favor with eastern art lovers. These pictures possess a peculiar charm that never fails to allure and mystify. Especially strong is this feeling in Mr. Sauerwein's desert canvases.

Choosing as he has the southwestern tribes for his subjects, he has ample scope for romance and color, for these Indians are less influenced by modern civilization than other tribes. It is Mr. Sauerwein's aim to comprehend and portray on canvas the poetry and romance of these primitive children of nature, and his endeavors have been rewarded with much success. In Indian portraiture he is not so photographically accurate as Burbank, but there is a dash and verve about his composition not remotely suggested by the other artist. His desert landscape studies are romantically conceived and poetically rendered, and never fail to charm the beholder.

Several days before Mr. Sauerwein's departure I had the pleasure of studying his newly completed compositions and again enjoying all that remain unsold of those satisfying Italian water colors that never have been equaled by a western painter. Among the most important of the later canvases are "Moonlit Pool" a night scene full of mystery. "The Pool" is a scene near Taos, showing Indian children bathing in a stream. A truly oriental bit of color is "Village of Laguna," while "Enchanted Mesa" is low in key and full of weird interest. "Land of Sunshine," an adobe house and tree composition, is excellent in color, and the trees especially are well handled. "Sand Storm, Sunset" shows a wild mood of nature, as does also "The Blizzard." "Adobe Land" is a gem of pure color, full of out-of-door feeling. "Feeding the Captive" and "The Bathers" are well-drawn figure studies, the latter, yet in an unfinished state, being unusual in color and decorative in effect. The best wishes of Mr. Sauerwein's many friends attend him on his eastern journey.

News dispatches dated at Berkeley, April 13, which appeared in the columns of one of the local dailies, announced the fact that the authorities of the University of California have ordered the removal of the bas reliefs

that ornament the pillars at the newly completed Sather Gate, at the Telegraph avenue entrance to the campus, after hearing numerous complaints from those who were offended by the sight of the nude forms used in a decorative manner. The dispatch further stated that this final absurd decision was reached "after interviewing a number of the co-eds who have made it a rule to avoid this entrance on account of the nature of the decorations."

If this statement is true, and I heartily hope it is not, I presume that President Wheeler will resign at once, for it is obvious that his worst anticipations have been realized, and he is now truly the president of a "hay-seed college." Through the kind agency of Miss Anna Beckley, head of the art department of the Los Angeles public library, it is my intention to probe this matter deeper and endeavor to ascertain just where the real trouble lies. In a recent interview upon this topic, Miss Beckley strongly expressed her chagrin and disgust at what now appears to be a colossal display of mock modesty on the part of a certain prudish few. She has communicated with the librarian at the university, requesting a photograph of the offending gate and a detailed description also with one of the professors, asking a verification of the statement made by the newspapers and the facts of the case. I hope by next week to be able to publish for my readers a resume of their replies.

The Sather Gate is the work of the eminent sculptor Earl Cummings, and was erected at a cost of \$40,000. On the pillars are the figures of four men and four women, undraped. The sculptor made these reliefs merely to illustrate the beauty of the human form. No doubt, ere this, the Creator sees His error in not having created man fully clothed.

Art interest is directed this week to the Blanchard Gallery, where Ernest Browning Smith is holding his second annual exhibition of landscapes in oil. Twenty-two canvases are shown at this time, and all except three are new since his last exhibition. The chief difference between this and last year's display lies in the choice of subjects. Only a few Catalina studies are to be seen at this time, and the Southern California mountains and valleys have claimed his attention. In reviewing these pictures, it is evident that Mr. Smith is a great lover of color, which he sees in a most extravagant manner. He has something to say and is not afraid to say it. His art is his own, and is the result of the study and practice of his own theories, hence it possesses an individuality that is sui generis. Mr. Smith's most successful canvas is called "Sycamores in Autumn." Other favorites are "The Mesa," "Sunset Haze," "Starlight" and "Early Morning, Arroyo Seco." Limited space forbids a review before next week's issue of The Graphic.

Brilliant in every detail was the annual exhibition of the Los Angeles Ceramic Club at the Ebell Club House, Monday and Tuesday of this week. The members' work displayed showed marked advance over that of last year. Conventional designs prevail and luster in metallic shades is growing in favor. Mrs. Harry Andrews, the club president, was represented by a large display of excellent work. Other fine exhibits were those made by Mesdames Harry Upton, Inez McCrabbe, Annie R. Emerson, Ross H. Rook Eleanor Kohler, H. G. Simpson, Isabelle W. Hampton, C. P. Railsback, N. H. Elliott, J. B. McFrell, Chester A. Pyle, J. D. Jackson, and Misses Eda Jones, Jessie Washburn, Edith A. Abels and Kate Andrews.

Warren T. Rollins left Thursday for Laguna, N. M., for a prolonged sketching trip.

The exhibition given by Miss Marguerite Abbott of her own and pupils' work in Blanchard Gallery, Saturday of last week, was very largely attended. The gallery was beautifully decorated, and the work shown was of a high order. Miss Abbott was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Will Stephens. The exhibitors were Miss Abbott, Mrs. E. J. Brent, Miss Lela Blinn, Mrs. Chester Brown, Miss Rose Bernard, Miss Marguerite Bowen, Miss Violet Cook, Miss Hattie Ferguson, Mrs. Hamaker, Mrs. Grace Enyeart, Miss Lottie Schaffer, Miss Walker, Miss Gladys Wilken-

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son, Mrs. Lillian Beamer, Mrs. M. C. Miller, Mrs. Marguerite Morlan, Mrs. R. H. Howell, Mrs. R. H. Lindley, Miss Esther McFarlane, Mrs. Lela Wellborn and Miss Marie Smith.

Illington Court, J. F. Boyd's handsome new art gallery, corner of Grand avenue and Washington street, was formally opened Thursday, April 21, by a brilliant reception and private view of work. This fine collection will be reviewed at length next week.

J. F. Kanst is enlarging his art gallery and making extensive improvements for the housing of many new canvases.

## VILLE DE PARIS

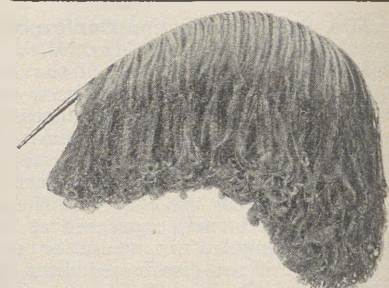
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By Blanche Rogers Lott

Through the excellent rendering of programs of worth, the Ellis Club has for years stood for a high quality of concert. Consequently, when a concert falls away below the usual high standard, one accustomed to hearing all its efforts finds herself in a quandary to understand why, at the height of its season the club should present an entire program in the mediocre manner of the one given Tuesday evening. Two numbers, "The Sailor's Dream," by Abt, and the previously given "Handorgan Man" of v'Othegraffen were the only ones which approached satisfactory results. Even the old favorite with the club, "The Sword of Ferrara," was unwieldy, and neither singers nor accompaniment were with the baton. Schumann's "Traumerei" was certainly never intended for singing purposes. The mere words rob it of its legato, and this particular arrangement is not in keeping with the composition in any way. To go into detail of the entire program's presentation would be harrowing and unnecessary, for it was too evident that the members had not attended rehearsals and were not on singing acquaintance with the selections. When these conditions were shown at a last rehearsal, omissions would be admissible for the inadequate presentations of works like Brahms' Rhapsodie, "From Siberia" (Sokolow), which has great possibilities. J. K. Paine's "Phoebus Arise" does music harm, because the average listener judges and condemns "classical music" on poor renditions, not from what the music really is. The soloist of the evening, Mrs. Nuncie Sabini Bittman, is the possessor of a beautiful voice of extensive range, and by her unusually clear diction made the words of her songs understood, but these two merits were insufficient to bring out the interpretations of her songs which were inadequate. A tremolo bids fair to work havoc with the pitch. If these busy, many of them professional, men have not the time to learn these commendatory compositions at the regular rehearsals, an occasional fifteen minutes devoted to the practice of one part would prove the solving of many a difficulty. This procedure has been carried out by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra this season with marked results.

Mrs. Norris has been kind enough to review for me the concert given by the Orpheus Club at Temple Auditorium, Thursday of last week: Assisting the club were Mrs. W. A. Banks, contralto, and Mr. Lester Donahue, pianist. The accompanist for the evening was Mr. Will Garroway. The organization continues to progress in strength and excellence under the earnest guidance of Mr. Joseph Dupuy, and sang pleasingly the following numbers: Oh, Heart of Mine (H. Clough-Leighton); Katy Did (C. B. Hawley); Thanatopsis (Joseph Mosenthal); Dance of the Gnomes (MacDowell); The Bird (Soderberg); An Irish Folk Song (Arthur Foote). Of these Mosenthal's Thanatopsis made the greatest demand on the resources of the singers and the manner in which it was given evidenced most gratifying advancement in precision of attack and smoothness of tone. Concerning the tonal quality of the club, it must be admitted that the basses produce a most satisfying sonority, but the baritones give an impression of immaturity, which would be decidedly improved by the addition of one or two good robust baritones. A diverting feature of the rather somber program was MacDowell's "Dance of the Gnomes." This grotesque composition is a boon to mens' singing clubs, for it always elicits a feeling of cordiality between audience and singers, at the same time relieving a certain self-consciousness noticeable in the amateur male chorus, and it is a matter of comment that succeeding numbers are sung in better spirit after the singers have had this little joke with their audience. Rossini's "Non piu mesta" was a splendid selection for the exploiting of Mrs.

Banks' vocal ability, and with her first number, Saint-Saens' "My Heart, at Thy Voice," afforded much pleasure. Her second encore, "Florian's Song," was really exquisite. If one might point out any defect in Mrs. Banks' performance, it would be her lack of repose. While a certain amount of restrained gesture is permissible in concert singing—as well exemplified this past season by Tilly Koenen and Mme. Jomelli—continual movement on the part of the singer detracts greatly from the enjoyment of the listeners, and it is to be regretted that so small a defect, and one so easily corrected should mar Mrs. Banks' charming presentations. The same criticism applies to Mr. Dupuy. No one can doubt the sincerity of his labors with his men—and the praise which the Orpheus concerts receive from press and public must be very flattering to the only director the club has ever had—but the physical force of some of Mr. Dupuy's gestures suggests that he is laboriously dragging results from the singers, instead of leading them easily, as he really does, through the pleasant meads of melody. Mr. Lester Donahue, a young pianist of considerable attainment, played several numbers, the most brilliant being the Mendelssohn-Liszt "Midsummer Night's Dream," in which he displayed technical ability in abundance. He has a tendency toward over-forcefulness in the fortissimo passages, which at times gives an effect of hammering, and he lacks exactness in the use of the pedals, two faults which no doubt will be eliminated in time. His numbers were well received and he responded generously to enthusiastic encores, playing in all five numbers.

A. R. NORRIS.

Our reformers are doing much to save us from fraud, imitation and imposition. The pure food laws protect us in a physical direction, civic purity leagues abroad in the land guide our faltering footsteps away from moral pitfalls, wary librarians furnish us expurgated editions, and spurious old masters are confiscated on sight at the New York custom house. Why, then, no friendly semaphore to display a warning signal to the music-loving public when an Ade-nee concert is announced? Mme. Ade-nee does not sing. She only makes funny noises and when she adds to these her perfectly ludicrous gestures, no intelligent person can take her seriously. Some of her high notes bring to mind the torture chambers of medieval times, or surgery wards before the introduction of anaesthetics, and her entire performance last Thursday evening at Simpson Auditorium was as unpleasant a presentation as can possibly be imagined. While it is doubtless unique to hear a soprano noising through an entire number just one exact semi-tone away from the flute obligato, it is also maddening—to ears accustomed to the modern tempered scale. Fortunately, however, there were bright spots that helped maintain sanity, and one recalls with a sense of delight the beautiful "Che gelida manina" from "La Boheme," given in a convincing and musicianly way by Roland Paul. Although very hoarse and apparently not in his best voice, Mr. Paul's interpretation of this number was intelligent and the final phrase with its recurring E flat—that with many singers becomes very flat indeed—was really exquisitely given. Mr. Mead contributed a flute solo that was technically a pleasure, and with Mrs. Helen Mead Little gave a melodious duet for flutes. Miss O'Donoghue's finished accompaniments were more charming than usual, by contrast, and sympathy prevailed that her admirable work found itself in such strange company as Mme. Ade-nee's alleged singing.

A. R. N.

The concert of the American Music Society was given last week before several hundred people, many of whom were not aware that composers of the ability of those represented on the program were residents of Los Angeles. The composers themselves assisted in the performances of several numbers and a genuine enthusiasm marked the reception of all numbers. The composers represented were Morton F. Mason, Waldo F. Chase, Miss Laura Zerbe, Henry Schoenefeld, Fannie Dillon, C. F. Pemberton, Frank H. Colby, and the assisting artists were Messrs. Koopman, violin and cello; Miss Dillon, piano; Mr. Julius Bierlich, violin; Harry Clifford Lott, baritone; Mes-

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dames Phillip Zobein and L. J. Selby and Miss Margaret Goetz, contraltos. The entire performance was a decided credit to the society.

Los Angeles has nearly come to the close of the most successful musical season in its history. With hardly an exception, the not-to-be-surpassed events have been magnificently supported. However, the coming week will prove how genuinely musical we are as a city. One of the most perfect string quartets in the world today, and one probably never surpassed in the past, will play here Thursday evening, April 28, at Simpson Auditorium. The Flonzaley Quartet has played with enormous success in America this season, and even though it arrives here comparatively late in the season, and we have had a quantity of music, no event in the past can take its place, and surely none that may come later. The program is an ideal one, consisting of the C major quartet by Mozart, the rarely performed sonata for two violins and cello by Leclair, and Schumann's quartet in A minor, op. 41, No. 1. This last number is especially fitting now, owing to the proximity of the Schumann centennial. Teachers should not forget the duty they owe to their pupils and music in general in proclaiming the importance of hearing this concert. There has been no music the entire season so essential to growth and culture as this appearance of the Flonzaley Quartet.

Of interest to everyone is the success of another Los Angeles girl in Berlin. This time it is a singer, and the following press notices tell the story:

Lella Holterhoff, a blind singer, entered into competition with others more favored by circumstances. It is certainly no easy task to be obliged to dispense with the use of the eye as a means of expression in singing. But in the case of Miss Holterhoff one scarcely realizes her affliction. Equipped with a sympathetic voice, she is able to do justice to the lighter and gayer genre of music, as well as to pieces of a serious character. —Berliner Tageblatt.

The young lady's soprano voice is not very large, but unusually well trained and of a most sympathetic quality. She sings with both taste and feeling. —Berliner Borsenzeltung.

Her success is not at all dependent upon the sympathy which her blindness awakens. The young artist's voice, although not large, has a beautiful quality and is very well trained.—The Signale.

There is much interest shown in the personnel of the vocal quartet to sing here with the Damrosch Orchestra, Sara Anderson, Nevada van der Veer (Mrs. Reed Miller in private life), Messrs. Reed Miller and Marcus Kellerman. All have friends among the musical fraternity who will bid them welcome. In some eastern cities the orchestra and singers have given Tchaikowsky's "Eugene Onegin" in concert form, and in their nearly a week's engagement here, early in May, it is to be hoped this will be given a place.

Marie Wieck, a sister of Clara Schumann, recently was heard in concert in Berlin, appearing in a Schumann recital with Marie Wurm. Miss Wieck is seventy-eight years of age, but it is said she played with astonishing youthful temperament.

Arthur Foote, who has been organist of the First Unitarian church of Boston since 1878, has retired.

The Marshall Field & Co. Choral Society of 140 voices gave Elgar's "King Olaf" in Chicago the other night. Members of the Thomas Orchestra played the accompaniment and the soloists were Corinne Rider-Kelsey, Evan Will-

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iams and Herbert Witherspoon. This item is given to show the musical possibilities in our large department stores if the idea were to take root here.

Pupils of Mrs. Thilo Becker gave a violin recital at the Becker studio on South Alvarado street last Saturday evening, when the following program was played:

Duet, Minuetto (Pleyel). Carolyn LeFevre, Percell Mayer; Ave Maria (Bach-Gounod), Oliver Stratton; Largo (Handel), Carolyn LeFevre; Arioso (Handel), Percell Mayer; To a Wild Rose (MacDowell-Hartman), Romance (Dvorak), Florence Georgia Taylor; Sonata for Violin and Piano in D (Handel), Rachel Fuks, Ida Selby; Traumerei (Schumann), Wainyn Carswell; Trio for Two Violins and Piano (Godard), Rachel Fuks, Mrs. Thilo Becker, Ida Selby; Andante from D minor Concerto (Wienlawski), Andrey St. Clair Creighton; Romance in F major (Bies), Dorothy Armstrong; Symphonie Espagnole (Lalo), Louis Robinsky; Concerto for Two Violins (Bach), Louis Robinsky, Mrs. Thilo Becker.

Andrew Carnegie was asked by a Musical America representative the other day if he expected to make an announcement concerning the perpetuation of the Pittsburgh Orchestra or to contribute to that purpose. "I have no more to do with the Pittsburgh Orchestra," he said in reply, "than with the heavenly choir, which I hope to hear in the future. I will not disgrace Pittsburgh by giving money to its orchestra. If Pittsburgh does not know enough to maintain such an orchestra as that, her citizens don't deserve even to hear the heavenly choir. I am a devoted lover of music. I give organs to churches or help churches to get organs, because I am willing to be responsible for everything the organs say, even though I could not be responsible for all that is said from the pulpit."





By Ruth Burke

Unusual brilliancy marked the large dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Allan C. Balch at the California Club, Thursday evening, in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. James McBride Cockins, who recently returned from their wedding trip. Dinner was served at several tables, which were attractively decorated with center baskets of fragrant Richmond roses, intermingled with ferns. White place cards, ornamented with the hostess' monogram in gold, marked the places. About one hundred guests were present and the hostess or one of the following assisting women presided at each of the tables: Mmes. Hancock Banning, John J. Byrne, Wesley Clark, William E. Dunn, Lynn Helm, William G. Kerckhoff, John G. McKinney, J. J. Meyler, Frank Thomas, Willoughby Rodman and I. N. Van Nuys. Others present besides these assistants and the guests of honor were Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Ainsworth, Dr. Ernest A. Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Barrow-french, Mr. and Mrs. Roland Bishop, Mr. Hancock Banning, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Barker, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Bishop, Mr. John J. Byrne, Lieut.-Gen. and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Carpenter, Mr. George J. Denis, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell, Mr. George Chartier, Mr. Wesley Clark, Mr. William E. Dunn, Col. and Mrs. William May Garland, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Gibbon, Mr. and Mrs. Burton E. Green, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Marshall, Judge and Mrs. Charles Monroe, Judge and Mrs. J. W. McKinley, Mr. John G. McKinney, Bishop and Mrs. Joseph H. Johnson, Mr. M. L. Graff, Mr. James Hobbs, Mr. W. G. Kerckhoff, Mr. Charles Henderson, Mrs. W. S. Hook, Mrs. Hugh Livingstone Macneil, Dr. and Mrs. Granville MacGowan, Mr. G. L. Mott, Mrs. Walter Scott Newhall, Mr. Gurney Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Parker, Mr. Willoughby Rodman, Judge and Mrs. Victor E. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Sartori, Mr. Edward D. Silent, Mr. James Slauson, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Solano, Mr. and Mrs. Othman Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Ezra T. Stimson, Mr. Frank Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Trask, Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Utley, Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys, Mrs. Edward C. Young, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Woolwine, Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Waddell and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Modini Wood.

One of the most delightfully appointed of the week's society affairs was the bridge luncheon given Tuesday by Mrs. John W. Kemp at her home, 3002 South Grand avenue. This was the third of a series with which Mrs. Kemp is entertaining her friends. The appointments were entirely in pink, a profusion of sweet peas and carnations were utilized, and details of the luncheon were carried out in the same color effect. Guests were Mmes. Morris Albee, Carroll Allen, Roland Bishop, C. A. Boyle, D. H. Barmore, Bruce H. Cass, Lyman Craig, Emil Ducommun, Philip Colby, Carroll Gilbert, Burton E. Green, R. H. Howell, J. W. Hendrick, William G. Jobson, W. I. Hollingsworth, Simon Maier, William Meade, W. W. Neuer, B. L. Oliver, Frank H. Powell, John A. Quinton, W. D. Stephens, J. W. Trueworthy, Frank Walsh, Charles Wellborn, R. B. Williamson, H. K. Williamson, H. F. Vollmer, B. F. Vickrey.

Among the most brilliant of the spring social functions was the tea given Thursday by Mrs. Clinton N. Sterry at her home, 2632 Ellendale place, in honor of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Norman Sterry, whose marriage was an event of the early winter season. The house was elaborately decorated for the affair with quantities of ferns and Scotch broom, and several hundred invitations were issued for the afternoon. Preceding the tea, Mrs. Sterry entertained with a buffet luncheon on the lawn for her chosen assistants, who included: Mmes. Frederick A. Walton, Olin Wellborn, Roland Bishop, W. T. Bishop, Burton E. Green, William Joyce, Ed Pauly, Lynn Helm, Scott Helm, J. Ross Clark, E. P. Clark,

Young, George Wilson King, Walter Trask, Eva Holland, V. P. McHenry, Edwin S. Rowley, Charles C. Carpenter, Telfair Creighton, Charles Monroe, Homer Laughlin, Jr., Earl V. Lewis, Durant, Cora Freeman, Frank W. Burnett, J. B. Lippincott; Misses Grace Rowley, Fannie Rowan, Susan Carpenter and Edith Maurice. In the evening Miss Ruth Sterry, the younger daughter of Mrs. Clinton N. Sterry, was hostess at a card party given for Miss Grace Rowley, her betrothed, Mr. Thomas Caldwell Ridgeway, and the following friends they have chosen to assist at their wedding in June: Miss Olive Harpham, Miss Ethel Shaw, Miss Mary Clark, Miss Mary Lindley, Miss Mary Burnham, Miss Annis Van Nuys, Miss Florence Silent, Miss Evelyn Kennedy, Mr. Coffman, Mr. Raymond Moore, Mr. Kay Crawford, Maj. A. J. Copp, Mr. Courtland Brown, Mr. David Blankenhorn, Dr. Owen Eversole, Mr. Don Carlton and Mr. George Ennis.

One of the most delightful and elaborate of the post-Lenten affairs was the reception given at the Woman's Club House, Wednesday, by Mrs. Frederick T. Bicknell, Mrs. Sumner F. Zombro and Mrs. Emily Zombro. Four hundred invitations were issued for the afternoon, and the appointments were most attractive, the entire club house having been transformed into a perfect bower of spring flowers, Maman Cochet roses, ferns, Spanish iris, clusters of red amaryllis, and white roses being artistically arranged, under the direction of Miss Forman. Guests were received between the hours of 3 and 5 o'clock, and the hostesses were assisted in receiving by Mmes. J. D. Bicknell, M. E. Entwistle, George Lettau, Matilda Roberts, Charles Perry Bagge, Clarence Hall, James Stewart, Frank King, Frank Gordon, Felix C. Howes, S. D. Burks, A. H. Koebig, Lucius Chase, Walter Lindley, James Ogilvie, J. H. Utley, W. W. Neuer, W. G. Hutchinson, Lyman Farwell, Louis Ernest Dreyfus, Charles Dick, Josiah Evans Cowles, Willis Booth, George Bliss Culver, Louis Myers, John Henderson, Helen Steckel; Misses Edith Kirkpatrick, Edith Furrey, Belle Baker, Jessie Weiman and Frances Chandler.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Thomas J. Conaty and Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Houghton were guests of honor Monday evening at a dinner given by Mrs. John F. Francis at her home, 905 South Bonnie Brae street. The table was artistically decorated with a centerpiece of orchids, arranged in a pretty basket and an Irish lace cloth for covering. Easter lilies and white roses were used about the rooms. Besides the guests of honor, places were set for Dr. and Mrs. G. Del Amo, Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. O'Melveny, Mr. and Mrs. James C. Kays, Miss Suzanna Lynch, Miss Katherine Conaty, Mrs. Elsie Kerckhoff and Rev. Francis Conaty.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Myrick of West Twenty-eighth street have taken a cottage at Ocean Park for a part of the summer season and with their family will leave May 1 for the beach.

Mrs. Alice C. D. Riley and her young daughter, who have been at Hotel Madison, Pasadena, all winter, returned to her home in Evanston, Ill., last Monday. Mrs. Riley is a writer of much charm, and aside from her magazine contributions, her lyrics, written in conjunction with Mrs. Jessie Gaynor, have brought her fame and fortune. One of her compositions, the ever-delightful "Jerushy," was on the program of the concert given by the Woman's Orchestra last night at the Auditorium.

Redondo Beach promises to be a busy center socially this summer, and already members of Los Angeles' exclusive set are flitting to that beautiful beach or preparing for a summer's sojourn there. The E. Avery McCarthys already have opened up their attractive summer home; the Rowans have taken the Rollins home for the season, and the Chandlers and McFarlands will occupy the Bulkley cottage, while the Nat Wilshires and a number other of the local society folk are planning to move down to that beach soon.

Mrs. Thomas E. Gibbon has returned from a six weeks' visit in the east. She was accompanied home by Miss Elizabeth Stitt of Hot Spring, Ark., who will be her guest for an indefinite visit.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Adams of South Flower street have left for a summer trip. They go direct to New



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York, whence they will sail for England. They are taking their motor car with them and plan to use it in their travel through England, Scotland and Ireland, and later will go on to the continent, where they will motor through Switzerland and the surrounding country. They will be away a year.

Many friends will be interested to learn of the return of Mrs. Frank W. Burnett of Eighth and Beacon streets from a six months' visit in Washington, D. C. Miss Mildred Burnett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Burnett, is attending Mt. Vernon Seminary, from which she will be graduated next month.

Col. and Mrs. William May Garland are among the society folk who will go abroad for the summer. They plan to leave about the middle of May and will sail from New York, June 7, expecting to return to their home here in September. Col. and Mrs. Garland will go down to Bolsa Chico next week and will remain there until the time of their departure for the east and Europe.

Mrs. W. O. Morton of 925 South Alvarado street will entertain a number of her friends with a five hundred party Tuesday afternoon, April 26.

Mrs. Arthur W. Ballard of 2121 Park Grove avenue has returned home after a month's outing at San Ysidro Rancho, Santa Barbara county.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Edward Cook have taken a cottage at Balboa Beach for the summer. They will leave the first of the month for the seashore, accompanied by their daughter, Miss Josephine Cook.

Mrs. W. G. Hutchinson of Wilshire boulevard was hostess at a luncheon Saturday given at the California Club in compliment to Mrs. Vercoe of London, England, who has been passing the winter and early spring season at Hotel Maryland, Pasadena. Following the luncheon the guests were entertained at the Orpheum.

Mrs. Frank Hudson\* will entertain with a bridge party at her home on Hobart boulevard, Friday, May 6.

Mrs. Eyre Barrow-french of St. Paul

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avenue was hostess Tuesday at a daintily appointed luncheon. The table was set for twelve and was artistically decorated in red, roses being principally used.

Miss Inez Clark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Clark of 141 Westmoreland place, was hostess Wednesday evening at an informal dinner party given at her home for a few of her friends.

Captain William Banning and Mr. James A. Gibson left Thursday morning for an extended trip through Europe. They will sail from New York on the White Star S. S. Cedric.

Miss Marguerite Burns, daughter of Mr. Edward F. Burns of San Francisco, who has been passing several months with friends at Coronado, is the house guest of her uncle, Mr. James P. Burns, of 2835 West Seventh street for a few weeks.

Miss Pearl Teague and Mr. Walter D. Lacey were married Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Teague, 435 West Thirty-first street, the ceremony being performed by Rev. A. W. Bunker in the presence of a number of friends and relatives. The bride wore a traveling gown of gray cloth with a handsome hat to harmonize and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. She had as her maid of honor, Miss Pluma Booth of Pomona. The latter wore a



suit of gray cloth. Mr. Ross Teague, brother of the bride, was best man. The home was attractively decorated with Shasta daisies and ferns. Upon their return from a two weeks' wedding trip to San Francisco and other northern points, Mr. and Mrs. Lacey will be at home to their friends after June 15 at their new house at 1314 La Vete terrace, the pretty home being a gift of Mr. Lacey to his bride.

Mrs. Frank E. Walsh of 403 South Alvarado street will entertain Monday for her sisters, Mrs. Charles P. Overton of San Francisco and Mrs. Edgar Axton Jones of Piedmont, who are her house guests for a few weeks. A luncheon for twelve will be enjoyed, the guests including the young women, who were formerly their intimate friends here, and following the collation an informal afternoon will be given. No specific invitations have been issued for the latter affair.

Mrs. L. H. Mitchell of 1001 Alvarado street will be hostess this afternoon at a handsomely appointed bridge luncheon.

Mrs. Earl R. Odell of 1630 Gramercy place is entertaining her parents, Capt. and Mrs. David Guitart of Columbia, Mo.

Mrs. Estelle B. Youngblood announces the engagement of her daughter Miss Rachael Youngblood, to Mr. Elfego Riveroll. The wedding will take place in the near future.

Mrs. John W. Trueworthy of 742 Garland avenue will entertain with a reception Monday afternoon, April 26, in honor of her granddaughter, Miss Virginia Schuneman, who is visiting her from Minneapolis.

Mrs. Edward A. Featherstone of 1150 West Twenty-seventh street will entertain with two bridge luncheons in the near future. The first will take place Wednesday, April 27, and the latter Wednesday, May 4.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris King of La Visnaga Rancho, Glendale, have returned from a visit of several weeks in Cuba and surrounding islands, and in the southern states.

Mrs. Albert Carlos Jones and her daughter, Miss Helen Jones, are at Nordhoff, Ojai valley, for a ten days' stay.

Miss Sophia Kubach of 1201 South Alvarado street will entertain with a luncheon for fifteen at her home Thursday, April 28, in honor of Miss Rose Zobelein, a bride of the near future, and also in compliment to Mrs. A. L. Denker and Mrs. Will Maier, who will leave May 10 for a trip abroad.

Miss Emma Conroy of West Thirtieth street left Wednesday for Avery, Idaho, where she will visit her sister, Mrs. Asa Rathbun Kelley, who before her marriage was Miss Bri Conroy, one of the popular girls of the younger set here.

Mrs. Charles F. Noyes has issued invitations for a bridge tea to be given Thursday afternoon, May 5, at her home on Harvard boulevard.

Mrs. Howard Waring and her daughter, Miss Olive Waring, have taken the Reginald Jones house during the absence of the owner in England. Mrs. Waring is a daughter of Senator and Mrs. Cornelius Cole of Colegrove.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Bekins of 1341 South Figueroa street left Tuesday evening for San Francisco for a visit there of ten days.

Mrs. Louise A. Denker of 228 West Twenty-fourth street, accompanied by Mrs. Isabelle D. Maier and Miss Genevieve Maier, will leave Los Angeles, May 10, on an extended tour of Paris, Germany and other parts of Europe. They will sail on the French Line S.S. La Provence, May 19, under the booking of the steamship department of the German-American Savings Bank. Mr. and Mrs. Charles de Poss and Dr. and Mrs. La Grange will also sail on the same steamer. Under the same auspices Mrs. Rebecca Levy and her daughter, Miss Therese Levy, of 1109 South Hoover street left Los Angeles, April 16, for an extended tour of Europe. They will sail on the S.S. Cincinnati, April 28. Cablegrams to the department announce the safe arrival at Nagasaki of a large party of Los Angelans who left Los Angeles March 19 on a tour of the world; and word is also received announcing that Mr. and Mrs. Sidney A. Butler will leave Paris

May 21, sailing on the S.S. George Washington, due in New York May 28.

Following is the list of pupils whose work was on exhibition at the Pupils' Ceramic and Water Color Art Exhibition and reception, given by Miss M. E. Abbott at the Blanchard Art Gallery, Saturday, April 16: Mmes. E. J. Brent, R. H. Howell, Lela Wellborn, Ida Lindley, M. C. Miller, Margaret Morlan, R. J. Richardson, Hamaker, Lillian Beamon, Grace Enyeart, Chester Brown; Misses Ethel McFarlane, Rose Bernard, Lottie Schaefer, L. Walker, Gladys Wilkinson, Hattie Ferguson, Violet Cook, Marie Smith, Norma Clark, Marguerite Bowen and Lela Blinn.

Mrs. E. M. Wilson and Miss Angel V. Miles left last week for Honolulu and Japan, where they will remain for several months.

#### At the Hotel Resorts

Smart luncheons, suppers and bridge at the St. Francis have been the principal amusements of society since the tableaux vivants and the plays produced by the San Francisco Stage Society in the colonial ball room last week. Hostesses and hosts of the week included Charles Templeton Crocker, who entertained in honor of Robert Goellet of New York; Ensign Spears of the West Virginian signaled the return of the Pacific squadron to "man-o'-war" row by a delightful tea in the white and gold room; Sherwood Coffin and Edgar Zook were hosts at an after-theater party in honor of Miss Scott and her fiancé; Percy Selby at a luncheon given Thursday to Dr. McEnery, S. Bogue Russell, and George Parsons. Numberless pretty supper parties followed the plays of the Stage Society, among them being that of Knox Maddox and that of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mathieu. One of the most enjoyable affairs of the week was the dinner given Friday night at the St. Francis by Mrs. Eleanor Martin in honor of Miss Kathleen Weston. The same evening a "pink supper" was arranged by Mr. and Mrs. Percy Morgan as an after-theater pleasure for a group of young people. Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan were the guests of honor.

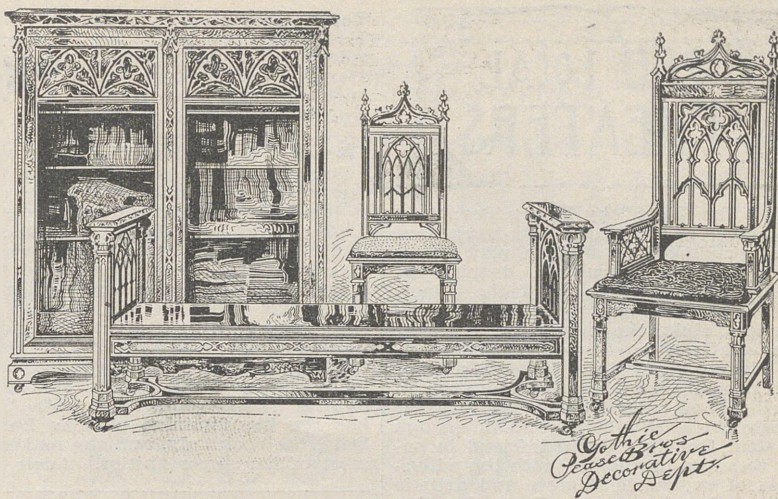
Lady Sarah Wilson, who achieved greatness through her letters written from the front at the time of the Boer war in the Transvaal, and was greatly admired for her daring and courage in driving a mule team through the thickest of the fight to get water when the army's supply gave out, was at Del Monte for a few days last week. Lady Sarah and the other members of her party, Colonel Wilson, Dr. and Mrs. Fenwick, Captain Wilson and Clarence Wilson, passed a great part of their time on the drives and the new scenic boulevard, and were delighted with the wonderful natural beauty of them all.

Mrs. Enoch Knight, accompanied by Miss Bach of New York city, were recent guests at Hotel del Coronado. Others who registered at that popular hotel for the week ending Saturday, April 14 included the following Los Angelans: Mr. Harold Janss, Mr. C. M. Cutter, Mr. Earl Janss, Mr. J. E. Malloch, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Wallace, Mr. W. Scott, Mr. J. E. Condee, Mrs. E. F. Jeal, Mrs. E. E. Carmel, Mr. O. L. Galbreth, Mr. H. E. Maxon, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Holman, Mrs. Charles Bradford, Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Mock and Mr. A. G. Beaman.

Mrs. Andrew Knox and Mrs. D. R. Boomer gave a luncheon for twenty at Hotel Mt. Washington last week. The west dining room was used for the occasion, and the table was decorated with yellow poppies. Those present beside the hostesses were Mmes. Warren F. Day, R. P. Smith, Helen M. Burnell, M. H. Weeks, Eleanor Willson, Flora A. Fisher, J. W. Eddy, Calvin Smith, E. C. Chapin, W. H. Griffin, C. V. Peakham, F. A. Keep, M. A. Kimball, T. T. Jones, E. I. Terry, Bruce H. Cass, Sarah A. Wiley and C. D. Jones.

Mr. Charles R. Drake gave an elaborate luncheon at Hotel Virginia, Long Beach, last Tuesday. The table was decorated in the center with a large basket of Maman Cochet roses, and the same roses were profusely scattered over the table, before each guest. Guests present were: Gen. M. H. Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Scott of San Francisco, Mr. J. G. Agard of New York, Mrs. William Perry, Mrs. E. P. Clark, Mrs. E. P. C. Klokke, Mrs. J. L. Taylor and Mrs. John H. F. Peck.

Among recent house guests register-



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North Window—This Week

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ing at Hotel Mt. Washington are Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Foster, Master Noel Foster, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Wood, Mr. A. Westhumber and Miss Westhumber of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Severson, Mr. Howard Severson, Miss Mary G. Holmes and Miss C. L. Avery.

The many friends of Mr. H. R. Warner, manager of Hotel Del Monte, have been concerned to hear of his illness. Physicians at first feared that an operation would be necessary, but the last few days show so decided an improvement that it is believed he will soon be enjoying his customary good health.

Mr. J. W. Kendrick of Chicago, second vice-president of the Santa Fe railroad system, with a party of friends arrived at Hotel del Coronado Friday of last week. Mr. Kendrick entertained his friends with a six course dinner in California style, and the party left that evening for the north.

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Mott, Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Walton, Mr. and Mrs. Harrington Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Marion Welch, Mrs. Charles Cotton, Mr. John J. Fay, Jr., Mrs. T. B. Brown, Mr. Hobart Brown and Mr. Andrew Glasell are among the Los Angelans who have been enjoying a sojourn at Arrowhead.

Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, wife of the New York financier, arrived at Del Monte last Friday in her private car with her daughter, Miss Morgan, and Miss Florence Blythe and Miss Rhett, all of New York. They passed several days at that popular pleasure resort.

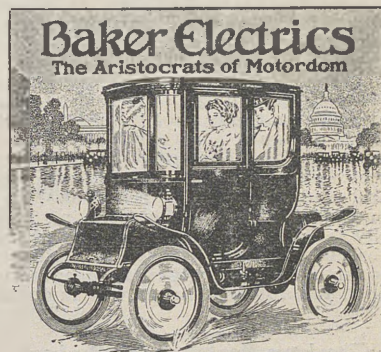
Mrs. Clyde Welsh and Mrs. N. A. Carmean entertained the Harmony Whist Club for luncheon at Hotel Mt. Washington, Wednesday. The guests of the club were Mrs. Minnie Rhoades, Mrs. Dr. Elcan, Mrs. Stevens and Mrs. F. S. Kaufman.

Mr. C. A. Smith, the lumber king of Minneapolis, who, with Mrs. Smith and their two charming daughters, has had apartments at Del Monte for the greater part of the season, has as his guests

(Continued on Page Fourteen)

## Baker Electrics

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In "The Thief," by Henry Bernstein, audiences at the Mason this week have been privileged to study a play whose intensity of construction, despite the rather lengthy speeches of the principals, holds compelling attention. Of French origin, the raison d'être of the drama is a trifle strained, from an Anglo-Saxon viewpoint. That a charming woman, enjoying the adoration of her husband, whose absorbing love she reciprocates, should be foolish enough to steal from her dearest friend in order to adorn her person with the witcheries of expensive lingerie and artistic gowns, that her husband's modest income interdicts, and all to be more pleasing in his eyes, borders on the grotesque. However, given a highly emotional nature and fondness for a mere man amounting almost to a worship, who can say to what illogical lengths a woman's obsession may not lead her? That is, a Frenchwoman, or one of the Latin race; it is inconceivable that a well-ordered mind of English or American heritage should prove so erratic.

Effie Shannon as Marie Louise Voysin, the thief, in spite of a tendency to give her emotions too loose a rein, proves her art by the convincingness of her acting. To be able to palliate her offense by her overpowering desire to please her husband, without reducing the motive to an absurdity, is no light task, and that Miss Shannon succeeds in this difficult feat evidences her undoubted talents. She is ably keyed to her efforts by the excellent portrayal of Richard Voysin, by Herbert Kelcey, whose strong work in the second act reveals previously unsuspected depths. The Fernand of Leonard Ide, shows commendable repression when the test comes, in pleasing contrast to his earlier appearance. Edward Mawson's Raymond Largardes was a fine piece of work as also was that of Arthur Lawrence as M. Gondoin, the detective.

There are many strong lines in the play, producing most effective dialogue, but the third act is woefully inconsistent. Logically, after her husband's denunciations and accusations, Marie Louise should have confirmed her wild threat and leaped to her death from the chateau's heights to the cruel rocks several hundred feet below. But she does nothing of the sort. She hears him explain away Fernand's boyish love for her to the lad's father, whose Quixotic nature had impelled him to shoulder the crime. Following so soon after the husband's charges of infidelity, this attitude of mind suggests a hiatus in the plot, a concession to the box office on the part of the playwright, which demands that after so tense a two hours the audience shall be sent home happy, with the perturbed husband and foolish wife reunited. Fernand is dismissed without having been fully rehabilitated, and the husband does not explain why he is so suddenly converted to his wife's innocence, of which the audience never was in doubt.

S. T. C.

#### "The Love Route" at the Burbank

Consistently good work on the part of the Burbank players this week aids in making "The Love Route" a worthwhile attraction. The play, which is by Edward H. Peble, has a western setting, and deals with the gaining of a railroad right of way. John Ashby, a young civil engineer, who undertakes the project, meets opposition in Allene Houston, whose ranch the line must cross. How he attains his object, and wins the girl, is all there is to the story. The play has sufficient strength to sustain interest, but it is devoid of the gripping situations which characterize other offerings by the same author. Marjorie Rambeau as Allene Houston leads the cast. While there are no great demands upon her, Miss Rambeau's ease and naturalness in her role give atmosphere to the play. Byron Beasley as John Ashby is convincing. David Hartford, David Landau and Harry Mestayer fulfill their respective roles in commendable manner, and the latter in a straight juvenile character is ably assisted by Ethel von Waldron, who does unusually good work. Lovell Alice

Taylor as Milly, a deaf mute, and Henry Stockbridge, as Mr. C. ver secretary to James Happin, (Hartford) contribute two sustained character parts to the piece, which is picturesquely staged.

#### "Why Smith Left Home" at the Belasco

Belasco audiences sit through three merry acts of farce this week in order to find out George Broadhurst's reasons "Why Smith Left Home." Despite the fact that this farce is perennially revived and has been given here by a dozen different stock aggregations, it never fails to set the ball of mirth rolling. Lewis Stone plays the much-abused John Smith with a deadly, tragic seriousness that is real comedy, and Florence Oakley is charmingly natural as his young wife. Ida Lewis has the big feminine part as Lavinia Daly, the cook lady, and she makes the most of her opportunities. Adele Far-



NEVADA VAN DE VEER, CONTRALTO

ington is a chic flirt as Julia, the touchingly clever maid, and Beth Taylor is her winsome self as Rose Walton. Excellent character parts are contributed by Frank Camp, Charles Giblyn and Dick Vivian.

#### "Teddy" in Africa at Auditorium

Grand opera and musical comedy, and every attraction betwixt and between have ruled at the Auditorium, and this week has appeared the last thing in modern stage life—the moving picture show! That Roosevelt is an intensely popular idol among his countrymen is shown by the eagerness of the public to see him in the jungles of Africa, also its disappointment at the fact that the pictures are largely given over to the sight of natives making camp and fording streams, with an occasional brief glimpse of Teddy—or a near likeness of Teddy—smiling at their antics. The fact that no expert photographer accompanied the illustrious American on his hunting tour might explain this fact. The pictures are interesting, because they exploit African scenes and picturesque localities, but they do not merit their title "Roosevelt in Africa." The best feature of the show is the excellent music provided by an orchestra of eight pieces.

#### Blanche Hall at the Orpheum

Loyalty to an old-time favorite tempers the disapprobation with which the Orpheum audiences this week receive Miss Blanche Hall, former leading woman at the Burbank, who is appearing in a poorly chosen musical sketch entitled "John." Were it not for the fact that Miss Hall's capabilities are well known locally, her failure (which is due to her inadequate medium) would be lamentable. That Miss Hall has been most unfortunate in her selection of a sketch admits of no argument. Moreover, the ability of the actress is not best evinced vocally. "John," except for the fact that Miss Hall has essayed the skit, would not be worth a line. She should discard him and get a playlet better worth while. Madame Mauricia Morichini, coloratura soprano and famed as an opera singer of the east and Europe, appears this week in a repertoire of songs. She

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sings well-known bits from popular operas and confirms the good impression she made here last season. Dan Avery and Charles Hart, two negro comedians, win a large share of the applause in their act of songs and foolery. Berg's Merry Girls, six in number present a whirligig act which takes fairly well with the audience. Motoin pictures this week depict Roosevelt in Africa, and the occasional views of the ex-President are interspersed with fleeting pictures of the wild habitants of Africa, which in the most part appear to be running for cover. Elsie Faye, with her magnetic eyes and her two dancing boys, continues to retain favor, and other holdovers include Miss Violet King, "The Devil, the Servant and the Man" and William Gould in an entertaining monologue.

#### Damrosch's Orchestra Coming

Damrosch's Symphony Orchestra, which is to appear at the Auditorium, May 2, 3, and 4, is reaching the point of perfection where it is regarded as the



REED MILLER, TENOR

national American orchestra, since it has become so well established that it can afford to pay its musicians a regular weekly salary. Nevada van der Veer, contralto with the orchestra, has gained her most notable successes in Europe, where she has passed the greater part of her life, although she is an American. Reed Miller, the tenor, is a southerner who has received his entire musical education in his own country. He possesses one of the largest repertoires among the younger singers. There are a number of other well-known performers in the aggre-

gation, among them the famous French wood players, George Barrerre, Leon Leroy and Auguste Mesnard.

#### Offerings for Next Week

Grace George will bring her New York success, "A Woman's Way," to the Mason Opera House, Monday night, for a week's engagement. This human comedy is the work of Thompson Buchanan, a newspaper man, who seems to have hit the bullseye of public demand. The story concerns Howard Stanton, who meets with an automobile accident while driving with a woman who is not his wife. Discovering her identity, Mrs. Stanton decides to invite her to dinner, and decide for herself whether her husband is sufficiently in love with his "affinity" to cause the divorce her family and the newspapers are urging. The woman accepts the invitation, and at dinner meets a number of her former lovers—a situation of keen humor which has aroused much approbation. The husband's eyes are finally opened to the fact that he has been infatuated with an unworthy woman, and that his wife is the only thing worth while to him. Grace George plays the role of Mrs. Stanton, and is surrounded by a company of well-known people.

There are few stock companies possessing the equipment, personal and mechanical, to produce "Brewster's Millions," which will be presented at the Burbank for the week beginning with the matinee Sunday. The cast of characters calls for twenty-seven actors and actresses—not including supers—and the scenic demands are extraordinarily heavy. The Burbank mechanics have been working night and day to get the big production ready, and Oliver Morosco, at the request of stage director David Hartford, has given the piece his personal attention, in rehearsal and construction. The play is a dramatization of George Barr McCutcheon's noted novel of the same name. It relates the adventures of Monty Brewster, who undertakes to spend a legacy of a million dollars in a year in order that he may inherit ten millions from another source. Harry Mestayer will have the part of Monty, and there will be the full array of Burbank players in the cast.

Much theatrical importance is attached to the first production on any stage of George Broadhurst's newest play, "The Price," which will be given at the Belasco Theater, Monday night. In writing "The Price," Mr. Broadhurst has entered an entirely new field of dramatic literature, far removed from the farcical and business men plays he has heretofore produced. "The Price" is divided into three acts, and it is promised that the final act of the play will make audiences "sit up and take notice." The Belasco players have rehearsed the play under the personal direction of Mr. Broadhurst for a fortnight, a week longer than is common-



ly devoted to stock presentations. Mr. Broadhurst is reticent concerning the plot of "The Price," as he is of the opinion that an audience knowing little or nothing about his story will enjoy the unfolding of the plot to a greater degree. "The Price" is scheduled for an early New York production at one of the Broadway houses, with two players of national fame in the roles that will be created by Mr. Stone and Miss Oakley.

"George Washington, Jr.," the George M. Cohan musical play, in which Ferris Hartman and the members of his company have scored a hit, has met with gratifying approval from Los Angeles theatergoers. Mr. Hartman is offering this snappy musical show for the first time by a stock organization. As Eaton Ham, the wily negro, Mr. Hartman has added new laurels to his crown of achievement, and Walter de Leon has a part well suited to his abilities as George Washington, Jr., while of course the big Hartman chorus is providing any number of pretty pictures. "George Washington, Jr.," has been announced for this week only, and box-office records show that the

pantomime, presented by Mlle. M. Corio, and a company of twenty. It is a picture of tragic life in the Parisian underworld, and incident to it is introduced the wonderful Apache dance. The settings and costumes are said to be reproductions taken from actual life, and the Apache dance is credited with being the most sensational novelty in the terpsichorean line. Stelling & Revell will introduce a number of new features in their acrobatic act, as well as exhibiting their skill as contortionists. Nonette, the pretty gypsy musician, returns, after a year, in her violin act. Aside from her work on a wonderful old violin, she will contribute vocal pyrotechnics. Witts' "Girls from Melody Lane" are four singers, who offer popular songs, in solo and ensemble. The fifth new act is "His Last Appearance," a tragic incident in the life of an old actor. Holding over are Mme. Mauricia Morichini, Berg's Athletic Girls, and Avery & Hart, with new motion pictures.

#### Asides

Metropolitan critics have completely capitulated to Mrs. Fiske since her lat-



GRACE GEORGE, IN "A WOMAN'S WAY," AT THE MASON

house will display the S. R. O. sign for every performance.

There is no paling of the popularity of Kolb and Dill's comedy, "The Rich Mr. Hogggenheimer," at the Majestic, and so insistent is the demand for seats, that it will be continued for one more week, beginning with the Sunday night performance. This positively will be the last week of this comedy, however, as there are several other pieces which the Teutonic laughmakers are desirous of giving in Los Angeles. The critics and patrons of the house have agreed that the performance is on a high plane, principals and chorus acquitting themselves to advantage. Following "Hogggenheimer" there will be a triple bill, "The Mustard King," "The College Widower" (burlesque), and "The Music Master" (burlesque).

Perhaps the most daring, and certainly one of the most original acts the Orpheum has ever offered, is headlined for that house beginning Monday afternoon, April 25, when the initial presentation in Los Angeles of "La Petite Gosse" will be made. This is a French

est triumph in Ibsen's drama, "Pillars of Society." Warm praise of her intelligent conception and finished delineation of Lona Hessel has been almost unanimous. Holbrook Blinn has also come in for a large share of commendation, as has Sheldon Lewis, well known in Los Angeles, who essays a minor part in the play. Mrs. Fiske comes to the Mason in June.

The concert-going public is regularly informed of the colossal fees some of the opera stars receive, and, therefore, while knowing that the opera is expensive, is prone to consider that everything which is not opera—orchestra music, for instance—can be "produced" at a very small expense. Do you know that the yearly salary list of an orchestra, such as Walter Damrosch is bringing to our city, amounts to about \$100,000 a year? Salaries are not the only items, however, which have to be paid for. Office expenses, advertising and railroad expenses cut deeply into the receipts of the concerts, and \$40,000 a year is a conservative estimate of the expense entailed by such necessary "details," notes the Pacific Coast Music

### Morosco's Burbank Theater

BEGINNING MATINEE, SUNDAY, APRIL 24.

MAIN STREET  
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## BREWSTER'S MILLIONS

Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Hamburger's Majestic Theater BROADWAY, NEAR NINTH  
BEGINNING SUNDAY NIGHT, APRIL 24, ONE MORE WEEK ONLY.

IT'S THE CLASS

## KOLB & DILL

in "The Rich Mr. Hogggenheimer"

Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 25c, 50c, 75c.

### Belasco Theater

BELASCO-BLACKWOOD CO., Props. and Mgrs.  
Matinees Thursday, Saturday and Sunday. Every Night at 8:15.  
WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, APRIL 25, 1910.

The Most Important Attraction of the Year  
LEWIS S. STONE

And the Belasco Theater Company will give, for the first time on any stage, George Broadhurst's newest, biggest and best play,

## THE PRICE

"THE PRICE" is going to be the most sensational success of the entire season. Seats for this interesting event are now selling. Regular Belasco Prices.

### Grand Opera House

Matinees Tuesday, Saturday and Sunday.  
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ALL NEXT WEEK  
The Season's Liveliest and Best Musical Offering

Ferris Hartman

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COHAN'S national song show triumph,

George Washington, Jr.

It's the smile-a-minute music, girl and fun show. Don't miss it. Regular Hartman prices.

### Mason Opera House

WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY EVE., APRIL 25--MATINEE SATURDAY ONLY  
H. C. WYATT, Lessee and Manager  
"America's foremost comedienne." --New York World, Feb. 23, '09.

## GRACE GEORGE

in "A WOMAN'S WAY"

"The Season's Most Substantial Success." --New York Tribune.  
PRICES--50c to \$2. COMING--Miss May Robson, in "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary."

### Orpheum Theater--VAUDEVILLE

Matinee Every Day  
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WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY, APRIL 25.

"La Petite Gosse"

Mme. M. Morichini,

With Mlle. M. Corio

Prima Donna

Stelling & Revell,

Comedy Acrobats

Nonette,

Musician & Soloist

Girls From Melody Lane,

Max Witt's Singers

Matinee

Today

"Six Merry Girls,"

Berg's Singers & Dancers

Avery & Hart,

Sunny Comedians

"His Last Appearance,"

A Tragic Incident

Orpheum Motion Pictures

Every Afternoon, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Every night, 10, 25, 50, 75c.

### Simpson Auditorium

L. E. BEHYMER, Manager

Thursday Night, April 28, Only Time Here of

The Flonzaley Quartet  
CHAMBER MUSIC PROGRAM

Seat Sale at Bartlett's.

Prices, 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2.

Coming---Farewell Visit of Maud Allan, May 5, 6, 7.

### The Auditorium

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Three Nights and Two Matinees, May 2, 3, 4,

The N. Y. Symphony  
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Seat Sale at Bartlett's and Auditorium.

Prices, 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2.

### Baseball--Pacific Coast League

LOS ANGELES VS. VERNON

Saturday, April 23, 2:30, Chutes Park. Sunday a. m., 10:30, Vernon Park. Sunday p. m., 2:30 Chutes Park

April 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, Los Angeles vs. Sacramento.

Sun. a. m. and Fri. p. m. at Vernon Ball Park.

Tues. Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sunday afternoon, Chutes Park.

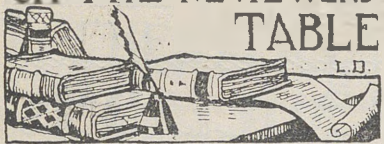
Review. Another large item is the purchase of music. Orchestral scores are very expensive; selections of Strauss, for instance, cost as much as \$100 each.

When we think that Walter Damrosch has been foremost in the production of interesting novelties in America, and

(Continued on Page Fifteen)



## ON THE REVIEWER'S TABLE



Than William Winter no student of the drama in the country is better qualified to give a just and yet critical estimate of the life and art of the late Richard Mansfield, and in the authorized biography of him who was the foremost exponent of the drama on the American stage, when death intervened, Mr. Winter has so fairly weighed all the contradictory virtues and defects of the great actor-manager that the discerning reader unhesitatingly pronounces it a true life and not merely a eulogy that has been so faithfully recorded.

Naturally, no little of the biographer's personality enters into the seven hundred odd pages of the two volumes forming an analytical survey of Richard Mansfield's private life and public career. It was because of an intimate friendship with the actor, extending over a period of twenty-five years, that so greatly aided in giving value to the work here considered; and of all the correspondence that is published, as tending to reveal the inner springs of action governing Mansfield's life, that between the actor and the dramatic critic, who was to turn biographer, is by far the most engaging and informative. His letters and his erratic ways prove Mansfield to have been a man of unquiet, implusive, imperious mind, intent on personal aggrandizement and the acquisition of wealth and fame who was so impatient of delay in the fulfilment of his purposes that he scarcely ever allowed a moment of peace either to himself or any person near him. But, as Mr. Winter points out, while he was at times a trial to patience, he was, essentially a practical exemplar of devotion to high ideals, an active instrument of virtuous intellectual force and, therefore, a potent, influential character, worthy of respect and sympathy in life, and of thoughtful commemoration, now that he has passed away.

This is exactly how this reviewer, whose privilege it was to enjoy the friendship of Richard Mansfield, the man, wholly aside from the actor, would have estimated his ruling characteristics. Throughout, Mr. Winter has preserved this impartial spirit in treating the various episodes that, in the mass, constituted the Mansfield career. That the creator of Beau Brummel, of Baron Chevalier, and of numerous other stage personages gained many brilliant victories and encountered many grievous disappointments no one who reads this life may dispute. It is a sad thought that, after so gallant an effort for the achievement of noble results he should have died, exhausted in the struggle for intellectual preferment over materialism.

With admirable judgment Mr. Winter has repressed the undoubted enthusiasm he felt for Mansfield's art and sympathy in his aspirations, allowing the subject of his memoir to speak for himself through the medium of his letters wherever possible. As to the biographical facts stated, they were authorized by Mansfield himself, hence may be relied upon. It was the actor's wish that his dramatic godfather, William Winter, should undertake his biography and his plans for the enrichment of the work were thwarted only by his death. But while the projected visit together to scenes closely associated with Mansfield's early life was frustrated, so painstaking has been the work of the biographer, so keen an analysis has been brought to bear upon the art of the actor that it is difficult to see in what respect the present valuable offering could have been bettered. Great care is evidenced in the ascertainment of facts outside the personal knowledge of the biographer, and in expressing conclusions it is certain that no hastily-formed opinion is uttered, but only the ripe estimate of a mind unfolded that has dwelt long and judiciously on the images demanding critical consideration. This is what makes the present work so valuable; it is not alone precise in its information, but so authoritative in its outlook that, so far as Mansfield's art is concerned, the reader is satisfied the final word has been pronounced on Mansfield's his-

trionism, when he shall have finished the second division of the biography bearing upon this part of the portrait.

In addition—and this, to our mind, is no small factor—is the polished diction displayed, the well-balanced survey, the skillful analyses at all times, the nice choice of words to convey the proper meaning, the mature judgment, so thoroughly yet so simply expressed, and the smooth, pure Anglo-Saxon English employed that is a constant joy to one whose occupation compels him to encounter the half-baked utterances of immature reporters of the daily press or the pitiful attempts at "fine" writing in the down-to-date novel ground out of the publishers' hoppers. In a word, Mr. Winter has given us literature of a high order.

Richard Mansfield was born in Berlin, Germany, in 1854. His father was an English merchant of musical tastes, who died when Richard was only five years old. His mother was the celebrated Madame Rudersdorf, a Russian, whose artistic talents her second son so fully inherited, together with those erratic traits of mind that were markedly characteristic of this richly-endowed woman. The temperament she transfused was at once a blessing and a curse, for, while it made possible those flights of imagination and creative work that endear Mansfield's memory, it also gave him those periods of gloom and melancholy, those asperities of disposition that embittered his life and led to the many unjust misinterpretations of the actor by those whom his brusque ways offended. His mother's nomadic life—due to her professional engagements—was reflected in the boy's movements, and his education was pursued respectively at Jena, Yverdon, Bourbourg, Berlin, and finally at Derby, England, where young Mansfield was so kindly treated that the memory was ever sweet. Proficient in modern languages and well-grounded in the classics, the youth at nineteen was brought to America by his mother, who established her residence not far from Boston. Showing a fondness for art, Richard studied painting for a time, but his tastes were histrionic, and joining a dramatic society, he soon appeared in public to the disapprobation of his mother, who, curiously enough, was opposed to his adopting the profession of the stage.

This constant friction led to a separation, and in 1877 Mansfield left Boston and returned to London, where, his allowance being stopped, he led a precarious existence, professional engagements being few and far between. After various trying experiences, he had the good fortune to be cast for the part of Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., in the performance of which he made a signal hit—he was unusually gifted as to voice—and that proved the beginning of his regular professional career. It was in this character that the present writer first saw Richard Mansfield, and he had the good fortune and privilege to study his increasing dramatic stature at regular intervals until that final essay of Peer Gynt, which so cruelly helped to end the actor's brilliant career.

Passing over his London experiences, we turn to Mansfield's first great success on the New York stage, when, as the Baron Chevalier in "A Parisian Romance," in 1883, he began his initial starring tour. Through the ensuing years, Mr. Winter has followed Mansfield with rare fidelity, giving his successes and his failures, revealing his breadth of vision, his lofty ambition and his constant and untiring desire to achieve great things in the profession he so signally adorned. It is surprising to note how much creative literary work Mansfield found time and inclination to do, in addition to his musical compositions. Monologues, poems, essays, plays, sketches and public addresses, a long list, testify to the energy and ability of this remarkable man. His marriage with Beatrice Cameron resulted in much happiness, and to their young son, George Gibbs, a handsome little chap, the proud father was greatly devoted.

Many pages are given over to a consideration of the various characters interpreted by Mansfield, together with much data of an interesting nature concerning the big productions essayed by the actor-manager. In addition, is a critical analysis of the art of Mansfield, in which the astonishing versatility of the man is unfolded. He had the fortune to distinguish himself in

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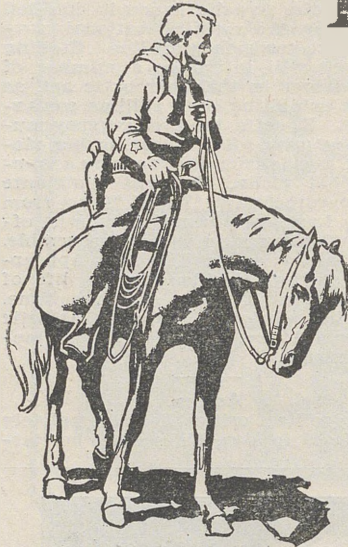
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Witty, rollicking, red-headed "Hopalong"—you can't help loving him any more than "Meeker's girl" could.

almost every branch of the dramatic art,—in comic opera, farce, and burlesque, light comedy, romantic drama, melodrama and tragedy. The many beauties of his interpretative art are lovingly recalled by his biographer, whose verdict that Mansfield was one of the most extraordinary, versatile, and, above all, interesting actors that have ever graced the stage, will be heartily indorsed by all who have studied his career. That he should have been cut off from further work at the comparatively early age of fifty-four is a cruel thought—just when he had won the right to live at ease, his financial obligations all wiped out and with a handsome balance in bank. Mr. Winter has done his work well. No man could wish for a more conscientious, capable biographer, and every friend of Richard Mansfield owes him a debt of gratitude for his labors. In good time we shall hope to see another point of view of the dead actor accorded by his faithful wife, telling of his relaxations, his home life, his ideals, his intimate aspirations. Such a volume will fitly supplement the splendid record given us by Mr. Winter, which every admirer of the great actor will want to have in his library. Printed in clear type, and with wide margins, the publishers have aided in producing a work that is an enduring monument to one whom the country reckoned as its foremost histrion. ("Life and Art of Richard Mansfield." By William Winter. Two vols., illustrated. Moffat, Yaw & Co.) S. T. C.

### Felicitations to the Chicago Dial

That wonderfully fine literary journal, the Chicago Dial, of which Francis F. Browne has been editor and publisher ever since he founded it, will celebrate its thirtieth birthday anniversary May 1, and every lover of pure English, of scholarly criticism, of unbiased opinion, and of a sane viewpoint will rejoice that the Dial has achieved so splendid a record and maintained so high a literary standard. May its fourth decade of endeavor, upon which it now enters, prove the most prosperous and brilliant in its history, and, to quote the prospectus of its illustrious namesake, the Dial of the transcendentalists, founded at Boston in 1840 and continuing for four years thereafter, under the editorship of the brilliant Margaret Fuller: "Let it be such a Dial, not as the dead face of a clock, hardly even such as the Gnomon in a garden, but rather such a Dial as is the Garden itself, in whose leaves and flowers and fruits the suddenly awakened sleeper is instantly apprised, not what part of dead time but what state of life and growth is now arrived and arriving."

Recently a party of Pasadenaans dined at the Mt. Washington, the guests including Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Terrin, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Ball, Miss Sabin, Mr. W. G. Hoag and Mr. Frank Long.

## Personal and Social

(Continued From Page Eleven)

his friends, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Alexander, accompanied by Miss Lucile Harwood of Dallas, Texas, and Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Douglas of this city were guests recently at Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. Esther C. Ide entertained Mrs. Charles Deering and Mr. Roger Deering of New York city, and Miss Gibson of Los Angeles at luncheon Wednesday at Hotel Mt. Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Russell Jr., of Los Angeles arrived at Hotel del Coronado Saturday. Mr. Russell is manager of agents for the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff, Jr., of West Adams street, Mrs. George Macauley and Mrs. M. L. Grass, motored to Coronado for a week-end, returning here Tuesday.

Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Warden are frequent visitors at the Mt. Washington Hotel, while directing the furnishing of their beautiful new home on the mountain.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Crocker and daughter of Denver are at Del Monte for an extended visit. Both Mr. and Mrs. Crocker are enthusiastic golfers.

Mrs. Akers, who has been passing the winter with her daughter at Hotel Mt. Washington, will leave Sunday for Lexington, Ky., for the summer.

Mrs. M. T. Gilbert was hostess at a luncheon and card party at the Mt. Washington Hotel, Thursday, entertaining eight guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin of Newport, R. I., motored down from San Francisco last week for a few days' stay at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Minziesheimer of Los Angeles and San Francisco are enjoying an outing at Coronado Beach.

Mrs. N. S. Whitley and daughter and Miss Harris of Los Angeles registered at Hotel del Coronado Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Severson and Mr. Howard Severson are at the Mt. Washington for a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy F. Schumacher and Mrs. E. A. Preuss left Monday for a few days' stay at Arrowhead.





## At the Local Theaters

(Continued From Page Thirteen)

produced for the first time nearly all of Brahms' and Tschaiakowsky's symphonies, as well as many of the Wagnerian operas, we can realize what an expense in time, money, thought and effort each number of a concert program represents.

## "George Washington Jr." at the Grand

In "George Washington, Jr.," that most prolific of young playwrights, George Cohan, has produced a musical comedy that will always retain a great appeal for the American public, by reason of the note of patriotism it sounds. The "grand old flag" is not raved about, nor is allegiance to it called for in every other line, but through the entire play a stirring Americanism arouses enthusiasm. At the Grand Opera House it is being given a production that rivals the one seen at the syndicate house a season or two ago—with the balance of favor inclining heavily toward the Hartman company. Ferris Hartman has never done better work than in his humorous characterization of Eaton Ham, the quaint old negro. His dialect is good and his comedy strikes the right spot. Walter de Leon is, of course, the star of the production, as George Washington, Jr. He is Cohanesque in a fashion, but it is his De Leon ability which sweeps the audience off its feet to a strong display of approval, especially after his abandoned singing of that favorite, "You're a Grand Old Flag." It seems a pity that Myrtle Dingwall was not cast for Dolly Johnson, a character so eminently suited to her abilities. Muggins Davies is winsomely girlish in the role, but her singing of the famous Virginia song did not do it justice, and a new and unbecoming style of coiffure detracted from the usual beauty of her personal appearance. The chorus does the best work of its existence, and minor roles are in good hands.

## Upper Clefs

Walter Damrosch, remembering his experience of two years ago, when Los Angeles demanded a more classical series of programs than had been arranged, will offer for his opening the celebrated Boston and New York program, which secured wide mention when given in those cities last fall. The second program for Tuesday evening is Mr. Damrosch's part Wagner program, embracing selections from "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin," "The Meistersinger," "Walkure" and "Tristan and Isolde." For the afternoon of May 4 a more popular program has been arranged, while the operatic night is reserved for the evening of May 4.

For the week of Monday, April 25, beginning with afternoon tea, Levy's Cafe Chantant will offer a new bill full of attractive specialties. It is positively the last week of that artistic dancer, La Estrellita, presenting the numbers which have won her recognition at the Hippodrome in New York. Amour-etta, the French singer, is held over, and Kammermeyer's orchestra will be heard in a special program of orchestral selections. Newcomers are dashing May Rerdell, known as Alice Lloyd's successor, and the Rusticana Trio, with offerings from Italian grand opera.

In response to the requests of hundreds of Los Angelans, Manager Behymer has secured Maud Allan, the wonderful dancer, who is now playing a return engagement in San Francisco, for three performances, which will take place Thursday night, May 5, Friday afternoon, May 6, and Saturday night, May 7.

Probably the most picturesque street spectacle that has ever been witnessed in San Francisco was the procession last Friday that escorted Prince Tao Toy Lak of China to the quarters which the local Chinese had reserved for him and his retinue in the Hotel St. Francis. As the minister of war of the Celestial Empire, the uncle of the Emperor of China, the brother of the prince regent, and the most exalted member of royalty who has ever left China, the United States government provided for the visitor the most imposing military escort ever given to any foreigner visiting this port—two troops of cavalry, three companies of infantry,

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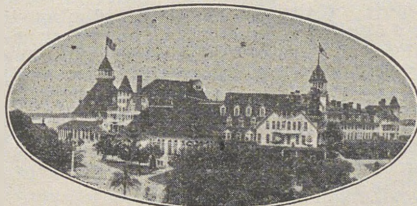
## HOTEL Del Monte

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H. R. WARNER, Manager  
Hotel Del Monte, Del Monte, Cal.

a battery of field artillery, a naval battalion, and three bands. Besides this, the Columbia Park Boys' Band acted as the prince's personal escort, and the Chinese colony appeared in the most gorgeous oriental pageantry. In the suite of the prince, traveling as one of his aide-de-camps, is the son of the late Li Hung Chang, Lord Li Ching Mai.



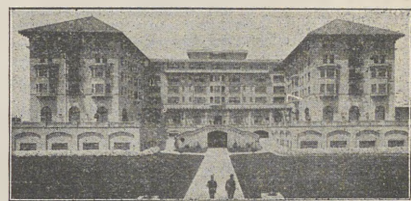
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Lord Li is a marshal of the Chinese imperial army and acts as chief secretary to the prince.



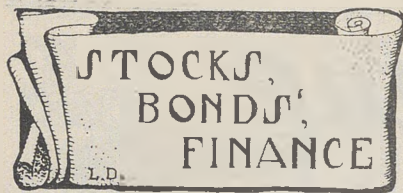
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A luxurious and fireproof hostelry containing 400 rooms with bath. Conducted on the American plan. Cuisine second to none. \$3.50 per day up; \$5 with bath. Reached in thirty-five minutes from Los Angeles, via Pacific Electric, Southern Pacific and Salt Lake routes. Surf bathing, fishing, tennis, etc. Golf after April 15. Managed by CARLETON GILBERT. Los Angeles representative, Henry Wilson, 553 South Spring Street.





Speculative buying has been on a down grade this week, with the public for the time being apparently in doubt as to the real value of many of the offerings that have recently made their appearance in the local market. How long this uncertainty may continue is, of course guesswork, especially as more of the same class of alleged securities are being listed almost daily. As a matter of fact, the present is the season for real bargains in the best-known bonds and industrial stocks known in this field, and if the average investor is wise, he will ignore the numerous "cats and dogs" which, while guaranteed by their promoters to make millionaires of purchasers, are not to be taken seriously.

Union made a spurt of more than two points, to the gratification of the large army of holders who had grown skeptical on the subject of Stewart oils advancing in price. While the million dollars of debentures floated in these issues a few weeks ago promised a conversion into Union stock at 145 within three years, or words to the same effect, few there are who have any idea of retaining their holdings to the end of the chapter for such a result. Exchange alley is inclined to the opinion that just as soon as Union quits climbing, and when the apparent top has been reached, there will come into the market sufficient of these stocks to keep the price pegged around its present moorings for a time.

Doheny Mexicans continue to soar, with the common booked for much higher prices, according to those best informed. The stock is expected to get into the dividend-paying class pretty soon, when it should be selling around 40, at least. Just now it is in the neighborhood of 31.

Central is dormant, with 212 the highest the shares were allowed to reach during their present movement. The stock however, continues working upward. Doheny Americans are soft, with no immediate prospect of anything like a substantial rise.

In the cheaper oils, Cleveland is promised higher quotations, due to expected early dividends. California Midway continues a play at whipsaw, with the public awaiting proof that the property has real merit.

In the bond list, L. A. Homes are weaker than ever before, and should be acquired for investment purposes at this time. Other similar securities continue inactive.

Bank stocks are not much in demand, with the exception of Citizens National and Southern Trust.

In the mining issues there is nothing doing worthy of attention.

Money is plentiful, with no change in rates since the last report.

#### Banks and Banking

According to the computation of the returns on deposits in the last report of condition of national banks to the comptroller one of the Chicago institutions has taken third place, being outranked only by the National City and National Bank of Commerce of New York. The First National Bank of New York has long held the third place as to total deposits in the rolls of national banks of the country, notes the Chicago Evening Post. With the last call for condition from the comptroller of the currency, however, this place is now taken by that institution's namesake, the First National Bank of Chicago. These two large banks have for several years been carrying on a sort of friendly rivalry. According to the last report, made as of March 29, the First National Bank of Chicago had total deposits of \$114,241,258, while the New York bank had \$112,725,142. On the previous call, January 31, the First National Bank of New York reported \$126,681,810 total deposits and the First National of Chicago \$107,877,052, so that, meantime, the First National Bank of Chicago has gained \$6,364,206 in deposits, while the First National of New York has decreased deposits \$13,956,668. April 23, a year ago, the First National Bank of New York reported \$118,554,125 of deposits and the First National of Chicago \$106,217,384, or a

decrease of \$5,828,983 and an increase of \$8,023,874 as compared respectively with the last call. In this respect a rather curious development is noticed in the matter of deposits held by the larger New York national banks and those of Chicago. In New York there has been a decided falling off recently, and even since a year ago, while the Chicago institutions, on the other hand, show a tendency to increase their deposits. The National City Bank of New York, for instance, reported total deposits of \$229,785,449 March 29, as compared with \$237,471,446 January 31 and \$261,443,568 April 28, 1909, showing a decrease since the previous call for conditions of \$7,685,997, and since a year ago of \$31,658,119. So also with the National Bank of Commerce in New York, which on the last call reported \$158,946,086 total deposits, as against \$180,782,624 January 31 and \$212,982,833 April 28, 1909. Similarly, remarkable decreases are shown in the case of the First National, the National Park, the Chase National and the Hanover National banks of New York. In Chicago, besides the First National Bank, which was shown above to have added to its deposits in both comparisons, the next largest bank, the Continental National, reported total deposits of \$98,258,589, March 29; \$90,664,598, January 31, and \$75,143,581, April 28, 1909, showing an increase since the previous call of \$7,593,991 and \$23,115,008 since a year ago. The Commercial National Bank of Chicago follows with \$72,886,329 deposits March 29, \$67,994,946 January 31 and \$45,541,380 April 28, 1909, or increases of \$5,081,383 and \$27,334,949 respectively since those dates.

John J. Mitchell, president of the Illinois Trust, now in Pasadena with his family, was interviewed in Chicago, on his return from a short trip to New York, just before he left for the Pacific coast. He told the Record-Herald that he saw no signs of uneasiness about business in New York. "In fact," said he, "the people I met were feeling very comfortable over the situation. They place a good deal of significance on the decision to have a reargument of the Tobacco and Standard Oil cases, and seem to think that it indicates about an equal division of the court. The bankers in New York seem to be all together in a belief in the higher loaning value of money in the near future, and my own experience here points in the same direction. The banks in Chicago are well loaned up, and there has been an improvement in our demand. What the business of the country is to develop during the year depends largely, of course, on the crops, and at this early season the prospects are excellent."

Receiver J. C. Daly of the bank of Collins & Sons at Ventura has filed his fourth general report of the bank's condition. At the time of the bank's suspension there was due a total of \$387,105.66. Of the face value of this indebtedness, \$173,866.25 has been paid in cash; \$130,101.55 has been eliminated by compromise under order of the court; \$24,212.29 has been eliminated by allowance as offsets by the court order and \$94,925.97 remains unpaid. The report shows a cash balance on hand of \$24,803, which is more than enough to declare a 5 per cent dividend, a matter which the court has taken under advisement. Preparations are being made now to wind up the bank's affairs as soon as possible.

Articles of incorporation are to be filed soon for a new bank to be started at Plythe in the Palo Verde valley. The new institution will have a capital of \$25,000 or \$50,000, and will be known as the Palo Verde Valley Bank.

City Treasurer E. E. Norton of Long Beach has placed in three of that city's banks \$56,000 of municipal money at an interest rate of 2 per cent. The money is secured by municipal bonds.

Pasadena clearing house reports for the week ending at noon Thursday, April 14, were \$956,294.05. Clearings for Thursday, April 14, were \$165,220.89.

Work has been begun on the erection of the new two-story bank building at Glendale. The structure will cost from \$6,000 to \$8,000.

Los Angeles made a fine record in the bank clearings for the week ending Thursday noon, April 15. Of the membership of the eight California cities, Los Angeles contributed nearly one-fourth of the total amount, the aggregate being \$69,931,719. Los Angeles' to-

tal was more than one-third that of San Francisco, and the local bank clearings showed an increase of 22.3 per cent, which exceeded San Francisco's gain by 2.1 per cent.

#### Stock and Bond Briefs

Since the first of the year a large number of corporations have either increased or resumed dividends, among the largest of which increases are New York Central, with an increase in the yearly rate of 1 per cent, or an enlarged disbursement of \$2,232,900; Cambria Steel, which augmented its dividend rate for the year from 3 per cent in 1909, to 5 per cent calling for an added payment of \$900,000; and Utah Copper, which, by raising the yearly payment rate from \$2 to \$3, increased its payments to the extent of \$1,500,000. The aggregate increases of twenty-one companies, industrial, railroad and mining, which have declared larger dividend payments, is \$8,529,804, an average of \$406,181 to each company. Three railroad companies, one an elevated, resumed dividends which had been previously suspended. As two of these are subsidiaries of the New York Central, the latter's increase is almost half accounted for in this manner.

Announcement from the meeting of the governing committee of the Chicago stock exchange of the proposed amendment to the constitution empowering the law committee "to examine into the dealings of any member of the exchange," in addition to giving this powerful body authority to represent the exchange in conferences with other interests, is of interest to the local stock exchange. While the new reform, as worded, is somewhat ambiguous, this element on the exchange believes that the new power of the law committee will be used as an equivalent to a regular auditing of stock exchange books. With the sources of information that the governing body of the stock exchange have such a change in the constitution is regarded as a check on reckless business which no stock exchange house will dare to overlook.

Also of interest to the local exchange is the news that the governing committee of the New York stock exchange has adopted a resolution that the rates of commission on mining shares shall be based upon selling price, regardless of par value, and shall be not less than the following for each 100 shares:

	For non-members.	For members.
Selling at—		
\$10 and above...	\$12.50	\$3.12½
Below \$10.....	6.25	1.56¼

Survey is being made for the proposed road from Glendora to the head waters of the San Gabriel river, and as soon as this work is approved, petitions will be circulated calling an election. The estimated cost of the road is \$20,000, which it is proposed to raise by a direct tax, payable in one year.

Sealed bids will be received by the treasurer of Imperial county up to 2 p.m. May 7, for the purchase of the McCabe, formerly the Adair, school district bonds in the sum of \$4,000. They will bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. Certified check must be for 5 per cent of par value of the bonds.

The Deutsche Bank of Berlin has issued a report for its fortieth fiscal year, ended December 31, 1909, which gives the profit and loss account as follows:

Gross profit, including interest, discount, dividends, commissions, etc.	\$13,846,760
Deductions—	
General expenses and taxes.	\$5,768,620
Reserve for taxes, dep'n, etc.	668,373
	6,436,993
Surplus for year.....	\$ 7,409,776
Previous surplus .....	273,938
Total surplus .....	\$ 7,683,714

At a recent meeting of the city council of Santa Ana plans were discussed for the building of a new outfall for the Santa Ana sewer system. Steps will be taken to call an election to raise the necessary funds for the improvement. The outfall will cost \$35,000, exclusive of the right of way.

Long Beach citizens this week voted a bond issue of \$125,000 of which \$75,000 will be expended for permanent improvements to the big cylinder pier at the foot of Pier avenue and \$50,000 for a 1000-foot concrete pleasure pier at Devil's Gate in Belmont Heights.

By a vote of 116 to 40, Claremont citizens carried a bond issue last week

for the expenditure of \$2,500 for street improvements. Bonds of \$3,500 for city hall improvements and \$4,000 for a new fire apparatus also were voted.

Oceanside residents are asking that a special election be called to vote bonds in the sum of \$3,000 for the erection of a public pavilion on the block owned by the city along the beach.

## PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS DIRECTORY

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### TRUNKS AND SUIT CASES

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### RESTORATION TO ENTRY OF LANDS IN NATIONAL FOREST

Notice is hereby given that the lands described below, embracing 160 acres, within the Santa Barbara National Forest, California, will be subject to settlement and entry under the provisions of the homestead laws of the United States and the act of June 11, 1906 (34 Stat. 223), at the United States land office at Los Angeles, California, on June 7, 1910. Any settler who was actually and in good faith claiming any of said lands for agricultural purposes prior to January 1, 1906, and has not abandoned same, has a preference right to make a homestead entry for the lands actually occupied. Said lands were listed upon the application of the persons mentioned below, who have a preference right subject to the prior right of any such settler, provided such settler or applicant is qualified to make homestead entry and the preference right is exercised prior to June 7, 1910, on which date the lands will be subject to settlement and entry by any qualified person. The lands are as follows: The SE¼ of Sec. 6, T. 7 N., R. 14 W., S. B. M., listed upon the application of Miss Ada Curtis, of Fairmont, California; List 5-183. S. V. PROUDFIT, Assistant Commissioner of the General Land Office.

Approved March 17, 1910.

FRANK PIERCE,  
First Assistant Secretary of the Interior.

### NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING

To the Stockholders of the Goldend Mines & Town Company:  
Notice is hereby given that a special meeting of the stockholders of this company will be held at the office of the company in the offices of the Stoddard Incorporating Company, in the city of Phoenix, Ariz., at 8:30 o'clock p.m., Monday, May 23, 1910, for the purpose of approving, ratifying and confirming all action previously taken at meetings of stockholders held outside of Arizona, and, in particular, in respect to acceptance of the proposition made this company by the California Hills Consolidated Mines Company for the outstanding stock of this company upon the basis of one share of California Hills Consolidated Mines Company stock for six and one-quarter shares of stock of this company, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before such meeting.

H. M. WILLETT,  
Secretary.

Dated at Los Angeles, California, this 12th day of April, 1910.